Week ending July 4 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

CHRIS CHATAWAY

back from Russia, discusses life in two countries

If Anna and I were setting up home in Moscow

BRITAIN NEEDS A PEOPLE'S DEFENDER

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

CLICK! And another pretty picture for the family album. No spontaneous shot this, but perhaps artist Zelinski's reluctant cover hero suspects what it'll mean in a few years' time: tender remarks from well-meaning aunts who remembered dandling him when he was so high. This little scene could be history—or even disaster—in the making. Father doesn't seem to be too sure of himself, and the picture will probably turn out with Baby perched neatly on a mountain top—if he forgets to wind on that film, that is.

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Dad's Dilemma

BEFORE I married and became a father I was determined to be a liberal, progressive type of parent—the antithesis of the Victorian papa.

I wasn't going to be remote or pompous or feared by my youngsters. I was going to be their friend, not their sergeant-major.

But as my sons reach their middle teens I find that to be that kind of parent demands qualities far in excess of mine.

If they make too much noise or come home late or break windows my first impulse is to punish them very severely.

I lose my temper when they don't come first in exams—and I always seem to be complaining to my wife about the boys' general lack of discipline.

I would say that I had failed in my purpose. Yet at the school open day the headmaster told me that he was most impressed by the personalities and manners of my sons. He forecast a bright future for them both.

Now I am left wondering—as a father am I a success? Or have my children succeeded in spite of my shortcomings?—J. T. S., Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffs.

Pipe Line

Who said that British Railways are not co-operative? One evening going home from Liverpool to Southport I dropped my pipe on the line.

The station inspector promised to look for it, but later told me that he hadn't found it. However, he alerted the platelayers and they found it.

When I collected my pipe from the lost property office the clerk said: "They had to turn the electricity off, you know."

If that's not service, what is?—GORDON R. DRESSER, Hartwood Road, Southport, Lancs.

We're Pampered

A reader advocates a junior government ("Free Speech," June 13), but surely the younger generation is pampered enough as it is without a house of youth where too much notice would be taken of their little knowledge and experience.

We are over-indulged by parents and given more than adequate grants by the State, squashing the enthusiasm, energy and idealism which are the only qualities youth has.

Our college was given time off from lectures to attend a general meeting of our branch of the Students' Union.

Out of about two thousand students, not even a quorum, 120, bothered to go.—C. M. STEWART, Broad Walk, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

Danger Ahead

Four times during a journey in the Yorkshire Dales I was cautioned by signs which were headed "Beware!"

One at the Wensleydale village of Appersett instructed me to "Beware! Children!" I looked around nervously for youngsters carrying coshes and wearing knuckle-dusters, but in vain.

Twice there were signs urging visitors to "Beware! Sheep." Yet the sheep which I saw were fairly timid.

The fourth sign said, "Beware! Shooting." It had not strayed from

Chicago, but referred to grouse-shooting.

If you go to the lovely Dales country—BEWARE!—W. R. MITCHELL, Austwick, Lancaster.

Not Really Martyrs

May I, as a nurse, working in a chest hospital, make a few things clearer to your readers about our conditions?

A nurse becomes a nurse because she wants to—nobody twists her arm. At eighteen she receives a wage equivalent to that in any industry.

Moreover, she is being fully-trained, free of charge, in a highly-skilled job, in which there will never be any unemployment or short time.

Conditions are excellent on the whole: there is free laundry, and recreation, with reasonably-priced digs—not to mention one month's holiday with pay, a 44-hour week and a new substantial pay increase.

I consider myself lucky to be earning nearly £10 a week, doing a worthwhile job. I haven't been nursing four years yet.

I hope this will dispel some of the untruths about our "martyred nurses."—STAFF NURSE DOREEN THOMSON, Glasgow, E.3.

Travellers' Menu

In the course of much travelling by train I have observed that even on journeys of only two or three hours many travellers eat quantities of food far in excess of their normal habits.

Apart from meals, most people manage without eating for several hours at a time. Why should a short journey cause them to eat an assortment of chocolate, biscuits and sandwiches?—MRS. MYRA H. WEBB, Wightman Road, London, N.4.

"This is a very deep-rooted instinct, to eat as a comfort against the feeling of insecurity caused by travel," says a psychologist.

"Eating and smoking both tend to give a feeling of security.

"Before primitive man faced any new problems, such as a journey, he filled his belly to give himself confidence."

Operation Beauty

When I asked my doctor to pierce my ears for ear-rings he told me that the operation did not come under the National Health Service and he referred me to a jeweller.

Surely, with free wigs, hearing-aids and teeth now quite common, it would be a small matter to help a girl make herself more attractive.—MOLLY ADAMS, Stockport, Cheshire.

"A doctor is required to give medical treatment," says the Ministry of Health. "Pinching holes in the ears is not medical treatment—and therefore a doctor is quite within his rights in refusing to do so."

Anti-cap Caution

Arriving hatless in Glasgow recently I found myself in the midst of a storm. I went into the nearest hat

shop without delay, and asked for a cap.

Like lightning the assistant, a young lady, smacked a Cellophane cap on my head and then tried out caps for size on top.

This is a good idea to prevent rejected caps from being soiled—but I've never experienced it anywhere but in Scotland.—G. OLIVER, Barcombe Avenue, London, S.W.2.

BACK AGAIN—AND BETTER THAN EVER

We regret that this issue has been delayed in reaching you because of the printing dispute. Now that this has been settled we can bring you an exciting, better-than-ever programme of family reading—brilliant new books by famous authors, superb short stories, vital articles by Britain's top journalists.

Next week's outstanding issue, in addition to all our regular features, will include the opening instalments of two great and utterly contrasting new books. . . .

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE, JEEVES!

A brilliant new comedy by the world's greatest humorist,
P. G. WODEHOUSE

THE SECRET DECISION THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

The startling inside story, now told for the first time, of the most agonizing decision in the history of mankind—should the newly invented atom bomb be used?

For further details, see pages 26 and 31

Complete—a gripping new drama by **BRIAN CLEEVE**

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

I LOVED him first because of his mother. I'm an old man now, and I suppose it sounds pretty foolish for me to be talking about love. It sounded pretty foolish even then, which is why I never talked to anyone about it, she being the daughter of Andries van der Huys, and me being what I am still, just a squatter, a *bywoner* on the van der Huys' land. All I had was a white skin, and a man's heart, and the right to squat and work on a few bare acres that old Andries wanted for nothing else. In return I worked some days of the month for him.

That way I saw her often. Leonie van der Huys. And I loved her. At times I'd almost think that she knew it. There was a way she had of looking at me not quite smiling, and yet with the hint of a smile behind the cool, green eyes, as if there was a little imp of devilment hiding there, looking only for the least excuse to break bounds. And if I'd had courage, I'd have given it the excuse.

BUT I was afraid. Of her, of losing even the friendliness that I had. And above all of her father. I thought of his eyes, like cold fire when he was angry; of his fist that could stun a bullock by hitting it between the eyes; of his *sjambok*, that could cut through a man's cloth coat like a razor and lay his skin open in raw red welts of blood. Then the heart would turn to water in me. And so I never told her, and one day she was gone. Down to Cape Town to the great world. A year later she was married.

"Never mention her name on this land again," old Andries said to me the morning that we heard the news. That day he looked almost small, and broken. Because she had married an outlander, a wastrel from Europe with neither name nor money.

I suppose five times in five years letters came from her, always asking for money, and I think old Andries sent it to her. And then word came that she was dead, and that her one child was on its way to us with a coloured nurse-girl from the Cape. The father? God knows. Back to where he came from, I suppose.

That was how Lennie came to the farm. And, as he grew, I saw his mother in him. He'd turn his head, and I'd see the flash of gold as she turned hers in the sun. Dark red gold her hair was, like a cap of fire. *Ag Allemagtig*, such beauty to die like that in the Cape in a dirty room. I didn't like to think of it. And when Lennie would beg me: "Tell me a story of my mother," I'd tell him of when she was a little girl.

"Just like Marijke there," I'd say, because usually Marijke du Toit, the daughter of another *bywoner* on the farm, would be standing a little way off from us, staring at Lennie, her hands twisted in her rag of a pink skirt. Then Lennie would say to her: "Come and sit with us," as if he was King Solomon inviting the Queen of Sheba to his dinner table. And she'd come and sit, spreading her skirt over her brown, dirty knees, as if it were velvet. Because it wasn't fear, or shame of her poverty that kept her standing off from Lennie until he invited her close. Only her sense of what was fitting, and she scarcely ten years old.

We had a favourite place for sitting. The very topmost land of all the farm is a long, sloping ledge, like a giant step cut out of the mountain side. The back of it is bare rock with a row of shallow caves scooped out of the cliff face by water, long, long ago. And in front of this cliff face is the terrace, maybe half a mile long by a quarter mile broad, looking out over the Low Veld and the blue shadowy hills and forests to the far away ocean and Delagoa Bay. We would sit there, out of the way of old Andries or his son Gerhardus finding us, and I would tell Lennie and Marijke about Lennie's mother.

Their favourite story was about the horse that the Portuguese trader brought for sale one day, and that no one on the farm could ride. Old Andries was too heavy, and every one else was afraid.

"Even Gerhardus?" Lennie would say, with his eyes wide.

Gerhardus was his uncle, the son of old Andries's second marriage, and only ten years older than Lennie. But where Lennie is all his mother, like fire and gold, Gerhardus is made out of his father's flesh, like rock and timber. The same strength. But inside, quite different. All the fire and gold the old man had to give had been given to his daughter. Gerhardus had only inherited the lead and iron.

Gerhardus ride that horse? Maybe, if there had been a gain in it. But for its own sake, as Leonie did? Never.

"Who can tell?" I'd say. "But in those days he was smaller even than you are now."

FOR I could see that horse still. Golden brown; legs so slender you'd think they'd snap as they pawed the ground; the neck like the arch of a bridge, and the head and the eyes wild as a panther's, swinging and twisting at the bridle.

I wouldn't have gone near that horse for the land I squat on. And yet Leonie rode him. "By God," she said, "no horse dropped from a mare will frighten me."

She didn't swing into the saddle. She leapt. She clamped herself on the horse's back like a monkey riding a leopard. The Portuguese man went one way, boots to the sky, and the kaffirs the other like reaped corn, and the horse screamed as if she'd wounded its heart.

Go? Like lightning out of the sky. Feet together, body arched in a spring, and then away with the two of them across the veld, Leonie flat on its neck, white shirt no more than a blaze of silver on the horse's saddle. Away and away and away until they were small as a stone in the far, shimmering yellow distance, and then back again, though God knows how she turned. She passed within ten yards of me, the horse's nostrils flaring red and his eyes wild with fury. And I saw her face. Burning white with joy. White as a sheet and her eyes like green fire. Frightened to death, and yet blazing inside with joy. *Allemagtig*, how would you know the heart of a girl like that.

WHEN she came back again, the horse was quiet and trembling with sweat, and Leonie's shirt was sticking to her skin as if she'd been in a storm. And there was a queer kind of sadness in her face as if she knew that life wouldn't give her many more times like that.

That was the year she went to study in the Cape. She had a queer little mocking, sad look in her eyes as she said goodbye to me, and then that white, frightened, yet joyful blaze in her face as she thought of Cape Town and the world outside the farm, that she was running to. Or running away to; running away from her real life on the farm to a fairy tale outside, where there'd be a princely lover who wouldn't be afraid to speak to her. And where she wouldn't be afraid to answer him.

But while my thoughts were on this, and of how maybe both of us let our lives slip out of our hands because we were afraid to grasp them, my words would be telling the two children only of her courage.

When I finished that story or another story, Marijke and Lennie would go off and play together, and I would go to my work, my heart full of Leonie, who was dead so long ago and so far away.

And the worst sorrow in my heart was to know that one day her son must go too. Because that was the way it was to be. Gerhardus to have the land. Lennie to have the best education money could buy, and then a little money to start him in the great world. Gerhardus had seen to it that it should be like that, dropping a word here and a word there into old Andries's ear. That it would be madness to divide the farm, and worse madness to give half of it to a boy like Lennie, full of dreams and his mother's queerness; a boy who might even sell the land to strangers when he grew up. Even at twenty-odd Gerhardus knew which side of a bargain had the butter on it, and how to make that side his own.

And so Lennie went to school in Pretoria instead of to the local *dorp* school where Gerhardus had gone, and learnt about Algebra and Latin while Gerhardus locked his big, heavy hands round the whole farm, easing his father into retirement.

And each time that Lennie came back on holidays he would be more a stranger in his own land, his own inheritance. But he was too full of excitement and stories to see that.

"There are buildings in Pretoria four, five stories high," he told us. "The streets are so full of people its like *Nagmaal*, every day of the year. And even the kaffirs wear shoes."

I felt ashamed at that and tucked my bare feet under me where I sat on the rough yellow grass. But Marijke, who had no shoes either, any more than I had, only looked at Lennie with her grave, dark blue eyes, until he blushed and began to talk about something else. Next time he came home he brought us each a beautiful pair of shoes. Marijke wore hers every Sunday when we went to the big farmhouse for old Andries to read the prayers to all of us, family and *bywoners*, house servants and kaffirs.

Ag, man, the stir she caused the first Sunday with the shoes. She had made herself a new dress out of a piece of cotton old Andries had given her the last *Nagmaal*, and suddenly, as she walked up the wooden steps to the front *stoep* of the farmhouse, the heels of her new shoes clicking on the planks, it was as if she was a stranger. I saw Gerhardus swinging his big, slow head round to her as if he'd never seen her before.

HER black hair was washed and brushed until it shone, and her eyes were like jacaranda blossom with pride—blue, blue and blue under the dark curves of her eyebrows. Her dress was scarlet red, and she'd made it so it was as tight to her waist as another skin, and then spreading out from there into a wide, wide skirt like a waterfall of red, rustling cloth. Lord above, you'd know she was growing up.

And that minute Lennie came in behind his grandfather. Old Andries saw nothing, his big beak of a nose already buried in the Prayer Book. But Lennie! He looked as if he'd been struck between the eyes. And I thought for a foolish second how beautiful they'd look together. Then I remembered that this was Lennie's last Sunday on the farm. Tomorrow he was leaving for the Cape, and after that for Europe, far away over the seas to go to college. He'd hardly come back again, once he'd reached so far.

I remembered the day he had told us that he was going. That was the

All the law and all the learning

in the world could not help him now.

For this was the time when . . . **A MAN**

Lennie moved out, fists clenched, and ready for anything. "No," cried Marijke, tense with fear

MUST FIGHT

A man must fight

continued from page 4

first time I ever remember seeing Marijke cry.

"Don't be so silly," Lennie had said, flushing suddenly dark red. "I'm not going for ever." And I thought I saw for a moment a longing in his eyes not to go. As if he realized that, if he went, it would be running away.

But how could he go against his grandfather and Gerhardus now? What could he give for a reason? That Marijke had blue eyes? That she wept for him on the hillside when he said goodbye? A *bywoner's* child?

He did write, almost every other month at first, and Marijke would come and read the letters to me, all about the college in a town called Oxford. But after a little he said it was grown too cold to write, and from then on we heard from him maybe once in the year, around *Nagmaal*. There was a picture of him in boxing clothes with one letter, saying he had won a championship in the college, and in another there was a poem about the farm the college magazine had printed.

But even though he said in that letter that he was homesick, we never expected to see him again. The farm settled under Gerhardus's hand as he gradually took over from old Andries. A just enough hand I suppose, but far heavier than his father's, and God help the man that argued with him.

The only person on the farm he was sometimes soft towards was Marijke. He'd look after her as she walked across the yard, maybe, his slow, pale blue eyes thinking so plainly that it was as if he was speaking aloud. He'd watch the turn of her hip and the lift of her dark head. He'd offer her small presents, and she didn't know whether it was better to take them or refuse them. Because, except for the loosening authority of old Andries, Gerhardus held her and her family's livelihood on the tip of his finger.

Almost three years went by like that, and then, at the end of the third year, Lennie came back. Bigger now, and broader in the shoulders, leaping down out of the lorry like a springbok.

GERHARDUS looked at him, at the city clothes, the fine shoes. "You'll soon be tired of us," he said, hiding the look of cold, slow triumph in his eyes. "Wanting to get back to your excitements."

"Never," said Lennie. But the brightness had gone out of his face, and he walked beside Gerhardus towards the farmhouse like a guest.

It was only the next day, up by the caves with Marijke and me, that he grew natural again. "It's been so long," he said. "And I've missed you all so much. The first winter I thought I'd die."

"Why didn't you come back?" I said.

"I suggested it to Grandfather," he said, "but Gerhardus wrote back that, if I threw away my education after all they'd spent on it, it would break my grandfather's heart and he'd break my neck." Lennie gave a little twisted smile. "So I stayed. I would have written to you both more often, but it made me miss you too much."

"You were good to write at all," Marijke said. "I still have your poem."

As she said that her voice broke with a queer little catch in it, and he turned and looked at her. Almost the way he'd looked at her the day she wore her shoes for the first time. I got up and went away, and when I came back again they were sitting holding hands and staring out across the blue land.

"I could send for you," he was saying. "I could get a job at something."

"Or you could stay," I said, "and claim your half of the farm."

He turned and looked at me then, and I could see his mother in his face and eyes. And I knew then for certain that she had run away from life and not towards it. That she had known that I loved her. And that something in her heart had struggled towards me. But because we had both been afraid, we both in our different ways had run away from life. I knew all this because I saw the fear in Lennie's eyes.

"Stay?" he said. Far down the mountainside we could see Gerhardus, riding slowly on his Basuto pony. "He would never give up half the land to me. He'd say I'd had my portion."

"Only money," I said. "That could be repaid. Don't you know that you're being robbed of your birthright?"

"You mustn't say those things," said Lennie, his knuckles whitening. But he knew that they were true.

"Tell your grandfather the truth," I said. "That you're not made for the world he sent you into. That your life is here. Claim your mother's portion. Fight for your share."

"Fight Gerhardus?" whispered Marijke, as if in her mind she was already seeing Lennie broken like a golden doll under his uncle's feet. "I would go away with you," she said breathlessly. "Anywhere. Anywhere in the whole world."

He never answered her. Only held her hand for a moment.

That night Lennie asked his grandfather if he would divide the farm. And but for Gerhardus he might have got his way.

"It's not the land the boy wants," Gerhardus said, "it's a bed for his slut, the *bywoner* du Toit's girl."

"It's a lie," Lennie shouted, but the harm was done. Gerhardus had hardened old Andries's heart like iron.

So a week went by, Lennie going about with his face white as a stone, and Marijke keeping out of sight in her father's cabin. Lennie's grandfather had forbidden him on pain of being driven from the farm without a shilling, even to speak of dividing it, and I could see in his white, tensed face that he was reaching a mood of desperation where he'd do anything.

Anything. And that was what Gerhardus was waiting for.

But it was not till Sunday that it came. Evening prayers, and everyone on the farm ranged in their ranks along the *stoep* or the beaten ground below the steps. And the old man, white-bearded and gaunt as a patriarch from the great black Bible he was reading, while Lennie and Gerhardus stood to either side of the table, Lennie staring at the ground, trying not to steal glances at Marijke, and Gerhardus watching him, waiting.

It wasn't a good half hour. And then, as at last old Andries closed the Bible, Lennie turned to him. I could hear the shaking in his voice.

"Grandfather," he said. "In front of all our people here, I ask you for the last time. Will you give me my right, my mother's share of the land?"

There was a little whisper of breath drawn in, for there was nobody there who didn't know the whole story of the quarrel. And in the silence that followed old Andries bent forward over the table as if he had been struck with a knife under the heart.

HE gasped: "You dare . . . say this to me?" his face an ugly, leaden grey colour. He lifted the Bible in his two hands and I thought for a moment he was going to smash Lennie's skull with it. For fifty years he'd ruled the farm without a man ever daring to cross his lightest word. And now this, from his own grandson. But the weight of the Book was too much for his old hands and he let it fall with a crash back on to the table. Then he turned to Gerhardus and whispered: "Beat him. Beat him like the little lustful dog he is."

I saw then in Gerhardus's pale eyes that this was what he had been waiting for. The chance to shame and drive Lennie away for ever. He began to turn back the cuffs of the tight black coat he wore on Sundays.

"Come inside the house from the *stoep*," he said. "I don't want to thrash you in front of the kaffirs."

Lennie stood still as a tree. I could see the fear of what he had done in his white, blazing face. Then he turned and ran down the steps.

"Come and get me," he said. "And bring a gun, because I'll have one."

With that he was gone, the shadows closing round him like dark water. I knew where Lennie would have gone. Up to the caves. And half an hour later I came there, too. I heard the bolt snick and Lennie's breath catching.

"It's me," I said. "I've brought you something to eat and drink." But Marijke was there before me, her face as white as the moonlight.

"Go away from me," said Lennie. "Both of you. I'm going to kill him."

"Don't be mad," I said. "They'll hang you."

"Make him come away with me, Oom," said Marijke, her voice breaking with fear. "What does it matter if we're poor? Can I be poorer than I am now? And if I had you," she whispered to Lennie, "I should be rich. Come away with me."

But Lennie's face was turned to stone. All that education had put there was stripped away. There was only wildness and hatred and fear. Fear of Gerhardus? That, of course. But underneath, and much deeper than that, another fear. Of life itself, of the things a man has to do and solve.

"I'm sick of running," said Lennie harshly. And then, like a boy, sobbing in his throat. "It's like being in a trap. No way to turn."

"There is a way," I said. I felt them both turning their eyes on me. "Fight Gerhardus with your hands. Why is he able to drive you away, rob you of your inheritance? Only because he is strong, and you are afraid."

"Fight him?" whispered Lennie, his voice shaking.

"Didn't you tell us about the boxing in your fine college, and how you won?" I slid the gun out of his slackened hands.

"I was a middleweight," said Lennie, "and that was a game, with gloves and rules. Gerhardus weighs thirty pounds more than I do, and there wouldn't be any rules."

In that minute we heard the click of a pony's hoof against a stone. "He's coming," Lennie whispered, and I could feel the fear in him.

"Go out and meet him," I said. "I will see that there are rules."

"I'm afraid," he said.

"Do you remember the story of your mother and the horse?" I said. "She was afraid. I never saw fear like hers. But still she rode it."

The moon lifted herself into the velvet sky. And there was Gerhardus slipping from his pony's back. He wasn't even carrying a gun. Only a whip.

"I'm coming Gerhardus," Lennie said, and in his face in the moonlight I saw that same sudden blaze of joy and fear I'd seen in his mother's.

"No," said Marijke, and then she stuffed her knuckles into her mouth.

BESIDE his pony Gerhardus waited, only moving far enough from it to swing his *sjambok*. It sang in the air like a hornet. I tilted the gun until its barrel caught the moonlight.

"Throw down the whip, Gerhardus," I said. "First win the right to use it."

He paused, then gave a small laugh and tossed the whip over his shoulder.

"Come here little dog," said Gerhardus, beckoning with his arms. And, so quick that it seemed like a shimmer of the moonlight, Lennie moved in and struck. Not in the face where you'd expect a man to strike, but under the heart.

"Ag," said Gerhardus, and opened his arms again. But this time as Lennie came in he clamped them shut.

I thought I could hear the bones cracking. But the noise was Lennie's fist. He had slipped down as he came in, turning on heel and toe and hooking his right arm. As he turned his fist must have buried itself three inches deep in the flesh over Gerhardus's ribs.

After that it was like a tree being chopped to the ground. Long, driving blows from far out. Until at last Gerhardus fell on his face and didn't move.

We came down to Lennie from where we had sat, and he stared at us for a moment as if we were strangers. Then he took Marijke's hands in his. "We will build our farmhouse here," he said.

They held hands as they had long ago, when they were children in this place, and walked very slowly down the long slope of the mountainside, Marijke's head against his shoulders, and his head among the stars. And I was left with Gerhardus.

I sat down beside him, waiting for him to recover. I had no fear of him. Against his first anger I had the gun. And tomorrow, and the days after, a way would be found to save everyone's pride and still divide the land. Old Andries was too great a man not to be able to change his mind.

And once he knew what had happened he would change it. Because at bottom I think it was distrust of Lennie as his mother's son that made old Andries want to be rid of him from the farm. He wanted no weaklings inheriting the land he loved.

And I sat in the moonlight, with the gun across my knees, thinking of Leonie.

THE END

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THE PLAYERS

Ribbons and muslin, bead and jet,
Satin and velvet, golden thread,
Rapier, pistol and coronet:
The dressing-up basket lies outspread,
And now each child, strangely dressed,
Assumes a curious, distant air
As though of a long awaited guest
Not yet become familiar there.

Feather and flower, plume and lace,
They curtsy and argue in rare disguise
Here a challenge and there—disgrace,
And the audience deep in clover lies.
Down in the orchard, under the fern
Royalty moves and the branches sway,
Kingdoms are taken and castles burn
All in an endless summer's day.

JEAN KENWARD

Encounter in Red Square. "Moscow youngsters stopped us and begged for chewing gum," says Chataway. He and his wife also met black-market spivs

If we'd been newly-weds in Moscow . . .

Chris Chataway's story of how he and his bride found Russia full of surprises — and young rebels who'd shock the Kremlin

We were walking slowly up Gorky Street on the afternoon of our fifth day in Moscow when the young man sidled up to us.

"You tourists? Americans?" he asked.

While I was explaining that yes, we were tourists, but from Britain, he was taking a frank look at us, at our clothes, and at my wife's open handbag. On the top was a pair of black, high-heeled shoes from home.

"You sell them to me?" he said, pointing.

He was twenty-two or twenty-three, with a pleasant open face, spoke very halting English and was evidently Russian, although he wore a green, Western-style sports jacket over his open-necked shirt.

Anna was rather fond of the shoes, but we wanted to talk to him, so we inquired as to whether he would pay in roubles, dollars, pounds, or what.

He had been looking round uneasily all the time, and now he made a hurried gesture to us to stop talking and walk on with him. A policeman passed by, and he relaxed.

He wanted to pay us a large sum in roubles, but we invited him instead for a cup of coffee in the Ararat, a restaurant nearby.

We found that Alexei—I'll call him that—was a student; though he described himself also smilingly as a "business man." His jacket had come from a Swede, his trousers from an American, and his shoes from an Italian. He was immensely proud of them all.

At the restaurant he pretended to the waitress not to understand Russian. He wanted to know the price in England of everything we were wearing, and after seeing the average Muscovite's clothing I was not altogether surprised by his interest.

Since Alexei didn't seem to grasp English numerals easily I put my notebook on the table, and when he asked the price of my suit, I wrote a pound sign and a figure.

He nodded with interest, but hurriedly seized my pencil and crossed out the writing, evidently for fear that some passer-by would see what he was up to.

This was all very interesting, because until now we had had the opportunity of talking only with interpreters, officials and other "approved" Russians, all of whom were beginning to seem depressingly model Soviet citizens.

We wanted to know more about Alexei, but, glancing nervously around, he clearly wasn't going to say much in the crowded restaurant.

"I buy from you suits, dresses, shoes, nylons?" he asked, hopefully.

"We don't mind letting you have some clothes," I explained. "But we don't want a lot of roubles. We can't use them. Have you got any icons?" We had heard that some good specimens of these paintings done over the centuries in Russian churches and monasteries were to be had on the black market.

Alexei's face lit up. Here was the prospect of a deal at last.

"Ah, yes, my friend has very beautiful icons. I meet you outside this restaurant at nine o'clock. You bring much stuff. His icons very old—very big price—and then we go to my friend."

We shook hands outside, and as he had been eyeing my tie with frank admiration I took it off and gave it to him. I promised that we should be there that evening. Pocketing the tie with satisfaction, Alexei slipped off purposefully through the crowd.

"Well . . ." said Anna, "I suppose I am going to lose a lot of clothes. But still, perhaps we'll see quite another sort of life that we might have been living."

We had been lucky enough to be invited to Moscow by British European Airways on the inaugural flight of their new service from London, and we had wondered idly on the journey out just what kind of a life we should have been living if we had been recently married in Moscow instead of London, and setting up home in Russia, not Britain.

How millions live

Already we had been able to form a fairly good picture of the "official" sort of life. Perhaps we had not been shown the worst, but certainly we could judge the standard of living of many millions of ordinary Muscovites. We had tramped round shops, housing estates, a State farm, even a law court and the Moscow television studios, accompanied always by an interpreter and guide. Often it was a polite, efficient, indoctrinated young woman named Tonia.

She was solidly built, and always sensibly dressed. A sensible, solid girl

If we'd been newly-weds in Moscow

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in every way, and of course an unqualified admirer of the régime.

Tonia and her husband Georgi, who was a science teacher in a secondary school, were obviously better off than most. Both about thirty, they had been married nearly two years, had no children and lived in her mother's house.

"My mother owns the house, which is quite unusual in Moscow. But it is going to be demolished soon to make way for new buildings."

"Georgi and I will get a flat on our own, and my mother will have the choice of a flat or of another house a little farther out. Anyway, she will get very good compensation for her house." Remembering what a compulsory purchase order often entails at home, this seemed a little too good to be true.

The two of them earned between them about 2,400 roubles a month. A realistic, though not the official, rate of exchange is forty roubles to the pound. So that would be about £60 a month.

A skilled labourer or mechanic on a farm in the Moscow area may get up to £25 a month, a junior engineer about £35. This is "take-home" pay, as there is now no income tax.

Anna was surprised to find what big differences in income there were, and to what extent money was used as an incentive to hard work and efficiency.

Rents are low

The rewards for success and ability are far higher than in Britain. The workers at the farm we visited depended for more than half their income upon overtime and incentive bonuses.

We met a forty-year-old teacher of English, earning £30 a month. He was the father of two young children. But his wife, like most married women in Moscow, was also doing a job. She, too, was a teacher, bringing in £20.

"Food is no longer any problem," this couple told us. "Today nearly everybody in Moscow has enough to eat. Our rent is low—we pay to the government for our flat with two rooms only sixty roubles a month. But the great difficulty is clothes. There is little money left for them, and they are not cheap."

Tonia agreed with this. She took us to see the South West Development Area, where she and her husband are hoping to get their new flat. Rents charged there amount to only five per cent of the wages of the highest earner in the family. In their case it would be about 35s. a month.

Amazingly cheap but not so attractive was our verdict. In this new area two and a half million people are packed into huge, heavy rectangular blocks of flats, all the same, all close together, and stretching out in straight rows for mile after mile.

TV set for £20

Looking around G.U.M., the great department store, it was easy to understand the complaints about prices. It is an extraordinary place: an ornate, nineteenth-century building with a high glass roof. Inside there is always a crowd jostling into the little shops that are set in alcoves on two floors.

Food seems to be about half as dear again as in London; the cost and quality of clothes are almost unbelievable in a country that can launch a sputnik.

A very ordinary, worsted pleated skirt costs £11. A man's blue, woollen overcoat of rough quality is £49. A chiffon scarf, which Anna said would cost 2s. 6d. in a London department store, costs £1.

Television and refrigerators are not such a startling price. Usually a little more than in Britain, though some small, nine-inch TV sets sell at £20 or £30. Designs are heavy and unimaginative.

I asked Tonia about hire purchase.

"No, we don't have that. We have to pay all at once. But I hope it will come. There have been articles in the papers explaining hire purchase. And the Minister of Trade said, when I took an American to see him the other day, that he would probably introduce it."

Tonia was continually impressing upon us how fast Russian living standards were improving. "We know we are not as well off yet as you in Britain or America. Mr. Kruschev has said so. But in seven or ten years we shall be the same."

Certainly living standards in Moscow have improved considerably since I was there four years ago. For people upon whom the state looks favourably, such as Tonia and Georgi, it is not a hard life.

Showing visitors around, she works longer hours than he does, and they do not spend many evenings together. "When we are free," Tonia told us, "we go to the cinema or ballet—often to the ballet—to the theatre or to an orchestra."

Their holidays—she gets two months and he a month—are more exceptional. "Last year we went to the Black Sea. I flew down, and Georgi joined me by train after three weeks. The sun always shines, and it is the most beautiful place."

From what she said, it sounded rather like the South of France, but she claimed that four weeks there together, a previous three weeks for her plus all travelling and the rent of a room, had cost only £70. The state does apparently subsidise very heavily the holidays of those it wishes to encourage.

On one thing Tonia was very definite: housework. "Georgi and I share the work in the house equally. My mother is too old and so he does the cleaning one day, I do it another. When I am late home, he cooks the supper.

"In Russia"—she could never resist a little moral with every bit of information—"women are equal."

Anna and I hadn't realized, though, how many jobs were done by women. We had expected to see the hundreds of female navvies working on the road, but the "lady judge" was a surprise.

After repeated requests from us Tonia was allowed to take us to a people's court. It was a dingy little building in a back street. We were led through a narrow corridor, lined with waiting men and women, sad, shabby, resigned-looking creatures.

Through the little courtroom with its rows of wooden benches and raised dais, we were ushered in to see the judge.

A girl of twenty-eight or twenty-nine, with black, straggling hair and a faded, dark-blue suit, sat behind a desk surrounded by papers. She was definitely forbidding and reminded me strongly of a more youthful version of that lady who exhorts one in Britain to "keep death off the roads."

It was a tiny little box of a room, with paper peeling off the walls. We were invited to ask questions.

Slow divorces

"Are you exceptionally young for your job?"

"No, my career is quite normal. I studied law at the university, and became a judge a year later."

"What is the maximum sentence you can impose?"

"Twenty-five years."

We couldn't help showing our astonishment, and in the silence that followed the judge's assistant leaned over and whispered something.

"Ah yes," she said, "there has been an order, just a year ago from the Praesidium, and now the longest sentence I can give is only fifteen years."

Oddly enough, though, the people's court had not the power to grant divorces.

Getting a divorce, said Tonia, was very difficult. It took a long time and cost many hundreds of roubles.

For me the most interesting fact to emerge from this sad and rather sinister little court was that parents are tried for the offences of children under sixteen. No such child apparently is held guilty in law for its actions.

Indeed it seemed to us that if one had to be a Muscovite, it would be best to be a Muscovite child. Everything is concentrated upon the welfare of the younger generation. New schools abound, and by every block of flats is a playground with an adult to look after the children while their parents are at work.

For three months in the summer, the Pioneers, the youngest Communist organization, take nearly all the children, even little tots of four or five, away from Moscow to holiday camps in the country.

None of the parents whom we met in our conducted tours had any complaints about being separated from their children in this way. But our schoolteacher friend confirmed, though in no spirit of criticism, how intensive is the indoctrination.

He was running on about the satisfactions of his work: "It was interesting. I read in a Moscow newspaper that an essay was set in a West German school on what the pupils would choose if they could do anything in the world. The German children all wrote that they would rob a bank or something like that.

"But I gave the essay to my children, and they wrote all good things—helping old people and the sick, and one boy wrote that he would like to go to America to hang all the warmongering capitalists."

"Isn't that rather nasty propaganda for a child to have picked up?"

"Oh, no, the children know, you see, about the capitalists. They have always been told. They know what they are like."

None of the children we met, however, looked as if they would like to hang us, or anybody else for that matter. Quite a number come up to Western tourists in the street asking for chewing gum. We had luckily provided ourselves with some, but found that the children always insisted on giving us a badge or two, usually of Lenin, in return.

One afternoon there was a huge parade of the Pioneers in the Red Square. Fifty thousand children marched in, dressed in little blue and black tunics with red scarves. They stood without a murmur listening to forty-five minutes of speeches.

As we waited at nine o'clock outside the Ararat restaurant for our friend, Alexei, the young student "business man," we wondered how effective is the indoctrination of Russian youth. Do they swallow uncritically the likes and dislikes pumped into them?

Are they in the end capable of thinking for themselves?

Secret meeting

Tonia and her husband were not worried at all, of course.

"When I have children," she had said, "I shall be happy for them to join fully in all communal activities."

It was pouring with rain, and I was carrying a suitcase full of clothes for barter. We realized how ridiculous we looked. At 9.15 we were thinking of going home when Alexei jumped out of a taxi, dressed now in a very smart American grey worsted suit with a slit down the back, and my tie around his neck in an immaculate Windsor knot.

He nodded approvingly at the suitcase and suggested that we go straight off to see his friend.

Inside the taxi was Alexei's wife, an attractive girl with a humorous twinkle in her eye.

"While Alexei studies—not very hard—I work for the two of us," she said, smiling. "I am an assistant in a chemical laboratory."

There was another boy, too, who spoke no English. But we got along with some difficulty in German. He was a student of literature at the University of Moscow. He wanted to be a journalist.

"On *Pravda* one day?" I asked, thinking that might be the height of a young man's ambition.

He shook his head with fierce contempt. "Oh, no. You just write propaganda there. That's the worst of being a journalist in this country—whether it's sport, or drama, or literature, you just write policies in most of our newspapers."

This, I had no doubt, was the truth. But I had not expected to hear it, and put with such astonishing bluntness. Before I could get him to elaborate, the taxi stopped.

We were about five miles outside the

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All these events took place in the same year—but

Which year?

School-leaving age was raised to fifteen.

Annie Get Your Gun was playing to packed audiences at the London Coliseum.

Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten was granted British nationality; later in the year he was created Duke of Edinburgh.

John Cobb established a new world record for a car of 394.196 m.p.h. over a measured mile.

Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, resigned after introducing an emergency Budget in November.

Lack of coal and a severe winter closed down factories, stopped weekly papers and restricted the use of electricity for domestic purposes.

Princess Elizabeth celebrated her 21st birthday in Capetown.

In October the sugar ration was 8 oz., meat 1s. and bacon 1 oz.

Increase in duty on beer and spirits put up the price of a bottle of whisky to about 30s.

Cupro-nickel coins replaced silver ones.

A packet of twenty standard-size cigarettes went up from 2s. 4d. to 3s. 4d.

The statue of Eros was returned to Piccadilly.

The Dead Sea Scrolls were discovered.

Cambridge won the slowest boat race of the century.

Now turn to page 33 for the year

Who will see that justice is done when . . .

Bullying policemen exceed their duty?
Blundering officials cover up their guilt?
Judges make mistakes in the law?

Every year thousands of people are deprived of their rights. That's why . . .

We need a people's defender

by C. H. ROLPH

On April 28 Mrs. Kathleen Smith, of Chapelfields, Norwich, brought a High Court action against a local councillor and a Ministry of Health man. She complained that they had conspired to delay the derequisitioning of her house (and thus keep the price down) until the council was legally able to buy it compulsorily.

She got her house back. But she failed (expensively) in her claim against the two men; and one of the reasons for this was that the Ministry of Health official didn't happen to be the right one to sue. There was no way in which she could have found out who was, and no one who could have found out for her.

To judge from its reputation abroad, and from the way other countries copy it, England seems to have the best legal system in the world. And yet in England there are at any given moment thousands of people who, like Mrs. Kathleen Smith, have been unjustly treated by the law.

At the moment it is no one's business —no one's paid job—to take up cases of injustice like hers. In some countries there is an official who, in order to do this, could have forced the ministry to divulge the name of the responsible official.

I think we need such an official here. We need a People's Defender.

For exactly 150 years Sweden has had a "Commissioner for Justice" to whom the ordinary man and woman can turn in these cases. They call him the *justitieombudsman*. His job is carefully laid down by the Swedish Constitution, which makes him a kind of inspector-general over almost everyone who has the authority to order people around. Norway, Denmark and Finland have similar officials.

To begin with, the Swedish Commissioner for Justice is an inspector of the courts of law. He sees that they keep within the bounds that the law prescribes—and in Sweden the law has to be clear and definite, or it cannot be enforced. The Swedes have a written constitution, and a man with a grievance can easily give chapter and verse for his demands. But the Commissioner for Justice also supervises the work of public officials and the conduct of employers. He reports cases in which they have wronged one individual by showing favouritism to another, or by behaving oppressively, or simply by being bone idle.

He is appointed by Parliament for a period of four years, but he is pretty nearly his own master. He is entitled to watch the proceedings in any court of law, and to inspect all public documents and records. Very little that goes on in any government office can be hidden from him.

He has authority over all judges from the Supreme Court downwards, over the public prosecutor and the police, over prison and hospital staffs, over marketing boards and nationalised industries, over all ministers and lay officials of the State Church. He gets the salary of a Supreme Court judge.

The *ombudsman* doesn't have to wait for complaints, but anyone can send him a complaint so long as he signs the letter. Even prisoners can write to him in sealed envelopes—imagine that in this country! He gets thousands of letters, about a third of which come from cranks. But he finds that about 150 cases a year show that real injustice has been done; and in those cases he either sues or prosecutes the guilty officials.

Helping the innocent

He has prosecuted chairmen of county councils, public prosecutors, pastors who have exceeded their authority, police chiefs, even cabinet ministers. No one knows how many other such cases there might be if the Commissioner for Justice did not exist. But Swedes know from experience that, by sorting out the genuine grievance from the mere case of ill-temper, he protects the public servant as often as he protects the private citizen.

In England we leave most of this kind of work to Members of Parliament, and it usually depends on their persistence whether the complaint gets any real attention. More than anything, it depends on the amount of time an M.P. can give to one case among many: there are some M.P.s who do hardly anything else, and some who, on the other hand, give all their time to general political issues. You have to pick your man—even if you don't live in his constituency.

Not a law term passes without the appeal courts having to decide that somebody has been convicted and punished for doing something that is not in fact a breach of the law. Quite often it happens that hundreds of other people (it may well be thousands) have already been punished for doing exactly the same thing, but have not appealed.

In 1936, for example, two men were arrested in Liverpool for loitering near a telephone kiosk. Two policemen, watching them, thought they intended to steal money from the coin box; so they were arrested as "suspected persons loitering for the purpose of stealing." They were found to be men of good character, their intentions turned out to have been quite innocent, and they were allowed to go. Then they sued the policemen for wrongful arrest, and won their case with damages and costs. The police then took the story to the High Court in London—and the two men won again.

The case established what no one had ever thought before—that the only people who can be arrested on this particular charge are people of already bad or doubtful character.

Thousands of men must have therefore been wrongly convicted in the past; the law had been wrongly administered since 1824. It was no one's job to have any of these cases re-examined and the stigma removed, perhaps, from hundreds of lives.

In 1929 an obstetrical surgeon at St. Mary's Hospital, London, operated on a pregnant girl of fourteen and induced an abortion. The girl had been brutally raped, and the case had attracted much attention. The surgeon did the operation openly (telling the police that he was going to do it) without fee, and with the consent of the girl's parents. As many another doctor had been in the past, he was arrested and charged with criminal abortion. The judge ruled that the law could only punish "unlawful" abortions, and that this one was lawful because it had preserved the girl's mental health and possibly her life.

Wrongly convicted

Everyone rejoiced at this decision, but if it was right—and it has been the law ever since—some hundreds of surgeons must have been wrongly convicted in the past. None of their cases was revived. None of them got back on to the medical roll.

For more than a century before 1935 the judges had been telling juries (wrongly, it turned out) that if a man charged with murder thought that his offence was only manslaughter, it was up to him—the prisoner—to prove it. Not until 1935 did the House of Lords have the chance to point out that this was a matter for the prosecution. It was not that their Lordships changed the law; they merely stated what it had always been. And a man under sentence of death was freed. During that century-long error, a good many people must have been unlawfully hanged. No one could bring them all back to life, but the Crown could at least acknowledge its error and clear their names.

There is one official who ought to be worrying about these things — the Attorney-General. He is the "custodian of public rights." But the way things are going today "public rights" no longer have much to do with the rights of the individual. The Attorney-General won't help the individual much today.

In some cases there is a voluntary

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Stick in

"We'll go to Australia,"

But now he must go through with

THERE was nothing to warn Henry Wilkins that this Tuesday evening would be different from any other. He stepped from the train, his umbrella under his arm, his season ticket in one hand and his brief-case in the other. The brief-case contained the morning and evening papers, his empty lunch bag and a squashed-up pair of galoshes. His shoulders were just a little stooped because his stool at the office was too high for the desk. His back ached.

He was depressed. He was forty-six years and two days old, and it was dawning on him that his life was slowly but steadfastly unwinding like one of Ella's balls of knitting wool. But whereas Ella's tireless industry produced scarfs, sweaters and shawls for the family, Henry was merely digging his own particular rut a little deeper, a little straighter, each year.

He turned into Rosetree Gardens, noting yet again with reluctant pleasure that the inhabitants had taken the name to their hearts. Each garden boasted rows of carefully tended rose trees. Henry's garden had roses, too.

Forty-six, he thought, raising his hat to a neighbour's wife. And all he had to show for it was a heavily mortgaged semi-detached villa and a couple of teenage kids who regarded him rather as he regarded the old grandfather clock which blocked the narrow hallway—useful but cumbersome.

"You've got to have push, Henry," Ella had said long ago when Henry's dreams had been little rose-coloured cameos—Henry and Ella bending over a tiny lace-frilled cot; Henry playing the wise and adored father; Henry being congratulated by a foggy but plushy board of directors. But Henry had doubted even then that he had "push." Now, when these dreams had merged into the one big dream which was all Henry had left, "push" was one thing he certainly did not have.

He had got exactly nowhere. Unless one called being assistant to old Roakes somewhere.

Old Roakes was somewhere all right. As head book-keeper, he dined in the managerial canteen, and took an extra half-hour for lunch and it looked as if he would still be taking half an hour extra for lunch when Henry was pushing up the daisies. Old Roakes was a bachelor who suffered from audible indigestion, fibrositis and a wheeze. He had a nasty habit of claiming Henry's ideas as his own.

Henry reached his gate and closed it carefully behind him. Feeling for his key, he noted that the new grass was coming along nicely, and then he was squeezing between the grandfather clock and the cluttered hallstand.

Ella called with unwonted affection, "Is that you, dear?" Henry frowned and scanned the hallstand more closely. Yes, there it was: Harold's black homburg. . . .

ON Henry's list of "People I could most live without," Ella's only brother fought doggedly with old Roakes for first place. Tonight of all nights, he didn't feel he could stand Harold. He only hoped that Doris had stayed in their posh West End flat.

But she hadn't, of course. She was sitting upright on one end of the settee. Jane occupied the other, her head deep in a book. She raised it slightly to say: "Hi, Dad!"

Ella was smiling the smile she kept for these visits. "Look who's here, dear," she said in the manner of a conjurer producing a couple of rabbits.

Harold, holding his paunch as usual, boomed from the most comfortable chair: "You've kept us waiting, old man! V.I.P.s like us, too. Bad show, eh?" He guffawed appreciatively and Doris added her bit. She giggled.

Ella's blue eyes dared Henry to show any feelings of which she would not heartily approve, so he murmured something about not knowing they were coming.

"I didn't notice your car outside," he said.

Harold said: "Came in a taxi, old man! Had a bit of a smash the other night. Anyway, we're thinking of getting another car—a runabout—you know the kind of job."

Harold said: "Oh!"

Ella put the finishing touches to the table and looked a warning at Henry. "Harold's been telling us of a bit of luck he had today, dear," she said.

"Made two hundred as easy as kiss your hand," Harold pursed up his cheeks in a self-satisfied grimace. "Just used the old noddle, old man."

Henry tried to close his ears as Harold repeated: "Just used the old noddle!"

Ella gazed at Harold. She said: "You're the clever one of the family—no doubt about that."

Henry put in quickly: "Yes, you've got drive all right." He said it to save Ella from saying it because he was sick of hearing the genuine ring of pride in her voice.

Doris patted her tight little curls and smiled. She was wearing a vivid red dress that looked awful but had probably cost the earth. Henry thought that Ella looked much nicer in that black thing she had had for two years.

Jane said suddenly: "Where's Johnny?"

"Night school!" said Ella. She turned to Doris. "He wants to get on, you know, like his Uncle Harold."

"Humph! I never had need to go to night school—learned more away from the place." Harold hugged his paunch a little tighter and eyed Henry. "You should borrow a leaf out of my book, old man. Take a chance now and then." He leaned confidentially closer. "Get yourself some ambition!"

ELLA said cheerfully: "You might as well save your breath. Henry's a stick-in-the-mud right enough." She was titivating the table, still dissatisfied.

"Well, you chose him yourself." Harold laughed fatly.

Jane closed her book. "When's tea, Mum? I'm starving."

Henry felt himself dismissed as an interesting subject of conversation. They were looking expectantly at the table. Ella was counting privately, her head on one side, her forefinger ticking objects off a mental list. "Sorry I've no cream doughnuts, Doris. Well, come on, all of you."

Harold stretched and struggled to his feet. Doris was up and Jane was already, miraculously, seated. The girl could certainly move when she wanted to, Henry thought moodily.

They were waiting for him. Ella frowned, her frown meaning, 'Watch your manners.' And he heard himself say: "We're going to Australia."

Henry thought it couldn't have registered, but then he saw that Harold had removed his spectacles and Doris had halted her hand half-way to her curls. Jane and Ella simply gaped.

He had said it and he hadn't really meant to. This was his dream, the only one, this gigantic dream of a new life. He had seen it all so vividly in the long hours of sleepless nights. A new Henry Wilkins would be born by the simple expedient of uprooting and leaving the past behind.

AND now he had said it in front of Harold and Doris. It was impossible to retract now, even if he wanted to. And he wasn't sure whether he wanted to or not.

"How will you like that, Ella?" he said.

She had slumped into a chair. "Well," she gasped, "well, I never!"

Harold looked like a chairman who has unaccountably lost control of the assembly. "A bit sudden, isn't it?" he asked suspiciously. "I trust you've had the old brainbox working on this——"

Henry interrupted him airily. "Oh, that's the way with my family—no shilly-shallying." He was beginning to like this new sensation. The phrase "master of my fate" trickled through his mind. Henry was fond of phrases.

Harold said: "But it's not so easy, old man. Your age. . . ."

"You recommended that I take a chance now and then, didn't you?" said Henry, moving calmly to the head of the table and sitting down.

Jane's hand darted out for bread. "Boy," she said, "just wait until I tell the girls at school. Boy!"

Doris giggled and for once Harold glared at her. "This is no laughing matter. This is serious."

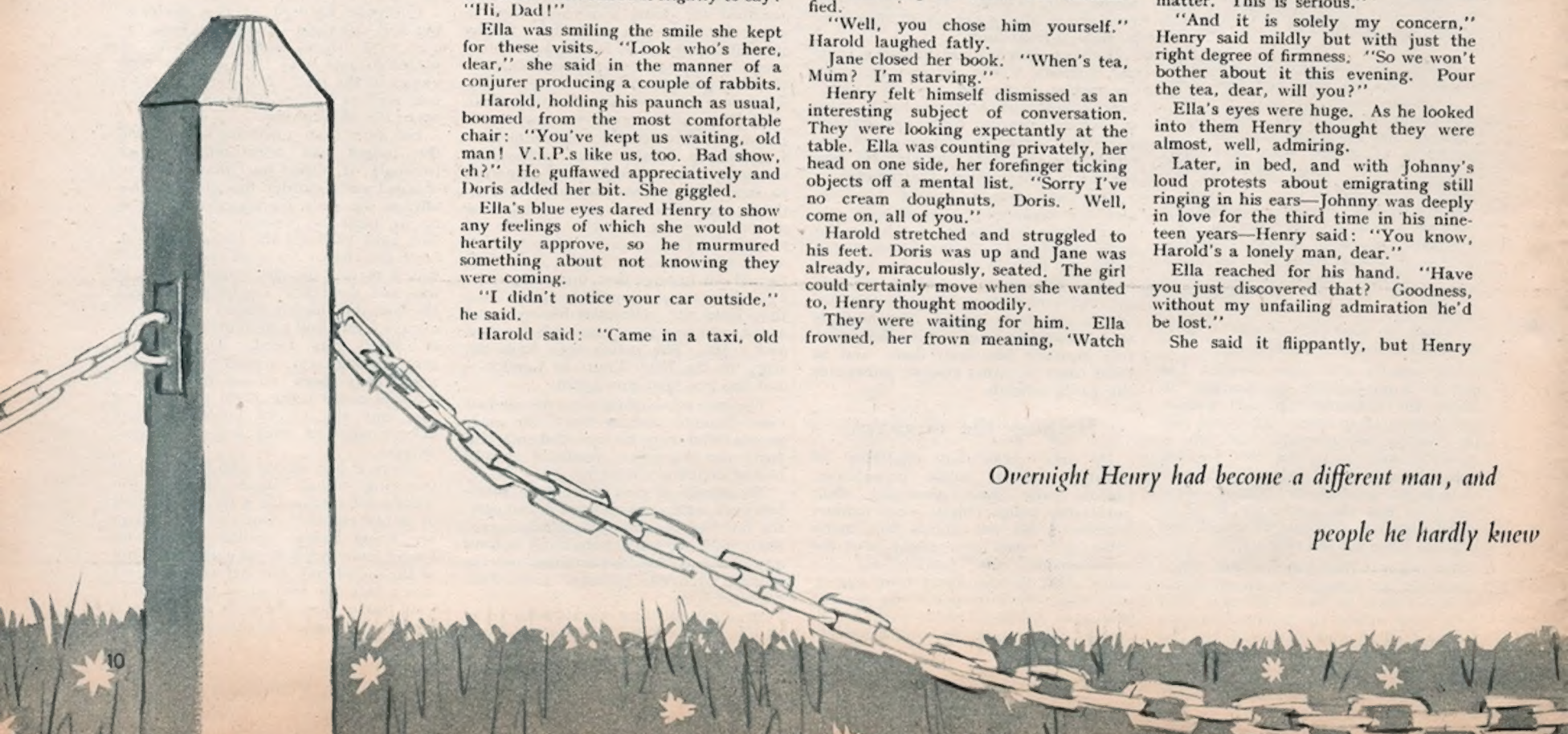
"And it is solely my concern," Henry said mildly but with just the right degree of firmness. "So we won't bother about it this evening. Pour the tea, dear, will you?"

Ella's eyes were huge. As he looked into them Henry thought they were almost, well, admiring.

Later, in bed, and with Johnny's loud protests about emigrating still ringing in his ears—Johnny was deeply in love for the third time in his nineteen years—Henry said: "You know, Harold's a lonely man, dear."

Ella reached for his hand. "Have you just discovered that? Goodness, without my unfailing admiration he'd be lost."

She said it flippantly, but Henry



Overnight Henry had become a different man, and people he hardly knew

the mud

he said, to shock them.

it . . . and leave the life he loved

by MARGUERITE ALVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

greeted him in the street

Stick in the mud

continued from page 10

recognized truth when he heard it. He felt slightly amazed that Ella could have thought this out for herself.

She said quietly: "You've made up your mind then—about Australia? I never thought—I mean. . . ."

He knew exactly what she meant. That he didn't have the courage; that he couldn't "pull up stakes," as Johnny had called it, at forty-six.

But a strange boldness was stealing through his veins. And Ella's voice was as it used to be in the early days.

She said: "And you never asked me if I wanted to go."

"You'll go where I go, my girl," Henry said, amazing himself and feeling her hand tighten on his.

Next day the sun shone and Henry walked smartly to the station. He had hardly slept. In the night all things are possible, and the details of the move had appeared like tiny bits of fluff which the new Henry Wilkins had simply brushed aside.

Old Roakes gave the grunt which passed with him for a greeting. Henry said: "Good morning, Mr. Roakes. I'd like a word with you, please."

Ten minutes later old Roakes was staring at Henry in amazement.

"I thought I'd let you know in plenty of time," Henry was saying.

He was thinking—*well, I've burned my boats now right enough.*

The next few days were very pleasant. People he hardly knew greeted him in the street and stopped to have a word with him.

And the atmosphere at home had changed, too. Jane and Johnny no longer listened with one eye on the clock or two on the ceiling. Ella was busy, but not too busy to forget to put out his slippers in the evenings. The neighbours looked on him with, it seemed, a new respect.

BUT it was short lived. It wasn't exactly what people said, though to be sure they said plenty. Old Roakes kept mumbling something about, "No National Health" and "Superannuation." Others knew stories about unemployment, housing shortages, friend shortages. No, Henry thought, it wasn't what they said. The weakness, the fear, were within himself.

He was suddenly beset by vague fears of the Unknown. His dream, shortly to be turned into reality, was assuming the shape of a crouching beast. The words "What if . . ." prefaced most of his thoughts.

He knew he did not want to go. It was as simple as that. He found himself liking his neighbours because soon he would be leaving them; liking his job; even liking old Roakes.

It was ten o'clock one morning when Ella phoned. "That woman, Mrs. Miller—remember I told you about her, dear? Well, she's coming tonight with her husband to see the house."

Henry felt sick. "You—you think she wants it?" he said.

Ella laughed. "Well, she's been here twice already. And, darling, I think we'll get our price. Oh, Henry, isn't it wonderful?"

Henry agreed glumly that it was.

"Hurry home," Ella said and rang off.

Henry had a queer feeling—just like during the war. He wanted to defend his house against this Mrs. Miller; he saw himself standing square in her path daring her to enter.

He stared at his desk and saw the faces of Harold, Doris, Johnny, Jane, old Roakes and Ella. And behind them, other faces, vaguely familiar but all sneering.

The faces got bigger and bigger, crowding him. Henry passed a hand over his forehead. He had no choice now. He could not change his mind. He tried to believe that he might like his new life.

But he knew, too, that everything in him cried out for the tiny part of England that was his. . . .

"Mr. Wilkins." Old Roakes stood at his shoulder. "Mr. Denton wants to see you—right away, please."

The "please" was a recent concession, and Henry smiled grimly.

Augustus Denton was tall, slim and immaculate.

"Mr. Roakes tells me you're going to Australia," he said abruptly.

"Yes, sir," Henry said.

"And your reason, Mr. Wilkins?"

Henry sighed. "I—I felt I was in a rut." He wanted to add: "But it was a rut I didn't know I liked."

Mr. Denton was saying: "Roakes tells me you're a sound man. He'll be sorry to lose you." He picked up a paper-knife and tapped it on his hand. "If you got a good offer to stay with us, what would you say?"

Henry took refuge in a non-committal shrug. From a long way off, he heard the voice. "An extra three pounds a week to start, but of course you'd be salaried as the position would be managerial. But perhaps your arrangements have gone too far. . . ."

Henry woke up. "No shilly-shallying about me, sir," he said. "I'll accept with pleasure. I'd have missed the old firm."

DENTON put out a carefully manicured hand and Henry clutched it. Then he was in the corridor, wanting desperately to lean against the wall.

He could hardly believe it. The managerial canteen!

He told old Roakes. "I've accepted his offer. And thanks for—well, for what you did for me."

Roakes grunted. "We might not have seen exactly eye to eye over the years, but—ach, you know how it is."

Henry grinned down at him. "Yes," he said, "I know how it is."

There was still Ella. And the kids. And Harold. Henry sat at his desk finishing the last work he would do for old Roakes and, at the same time, making plans for breaking his news.

He would rush in and say grandly: "They just wouldn't let me go dear. Offered me a new position, head of a department."

There was no need to confess that he hadn't wanted to go to Australia.

He took a long time getting home. As he turned into Rosetree Gardens the smell of newly cut grass came to him, bringing memories of sports days at school and picnics in the country.

Ella was in the living-room. She was lying on the settee.

He said: "Are you ill?"

She sat up, not looking at him. Then she burst out: "You won't like this, Henry, but I can't help it. I—I can't go, dear. I've tried but it's too big a break at my age. I'm scared!"

Gently Henry lifted her face.

"I love you," he said. "Very much."

Ella frowned. "What has that to do with it?"

"Everything." He smiled gently. "You know, don't you?"

She looked angry. "Know what?"

"That I didn't have the courage," he said.

"What nonsense is this?" she demanded. "I've just told you. . . ."

"How did you know?"

HER eyes searched his face then dropped. "Oh, darling, your tone, the way you tossed in your sleep—and this morning when I told you about Mrs. Miller. I've put her off—I had to, dear. But it doesn't matter. I want to stay here. . . ."

"Ella," he said, "I've got news. . . ."

Later, after supper, they sat side by side on the settee.

Ella said: "Everything has turned out right, darling. Even the kids are pleased. Jane said she'd tell her friends that her dad was too important to leave."

Henry laughed. "Silly girl!"

"Let's go up now," Ella said.

"You go, darling. I want to sit here for a while yet."

He watched her go, and then he was alone. Alone in the room that held so many memories.

And he thought how lucky he was, so lucky, in fact, that he had no need of dreams. THE END

© *Marguerite Alvis, 1959*

Note From The Head

Fire-drill is not ruined by the absence of a fire, as Hector seems to think. We need the co-operation of every child to make it a success and I cannot allow Hector to refuse to join in until he sees flames coming out of the roof.

The axes are for the masters to use in an emergency. I do not propose to allow them to be used as a reward for good work. (I quite realize how well Hector did last term, but he will be rewarded in other ways.)

No steps to fight fires are to be taken by boys on their own initiative. The attempt to fight a fire when there wasn't one last term caused a good deal of damage. I cannot allow Hector to climb about on the roof, even if this does show a laudable desire to emulate your professional standards.

Hector's life-saving certificate applies only to water. In any case, stunning drowning swimmers who struggle is quite a different thing from stunning people caught by a fire before lifting them down the ladder. I am afraid my objection to his practising this must stand.

R. G. G. PRICE

Heat Wave

All of a sudden the gardens are gay
With blankets and chair-covers dripping like taps,
And skins peeling off in a colourful way,
And baldnesses blushing in newspaper caps.
And the tune of ice-cream in a musical van
Falls as sweet as the song of a bird on our hearts,
As we open the windows as wide as we can,
Letting flies in, and wasps, on our gooseberry tarts.
In our washable cottons all floral and bright
We rejoice in a climate with moments like these,
Though the heat rash will itch and the midges will bite
And the terrible thunderstorm flattens our peas.

HAZEL TOWNSON

Ends And Me

Saturday I love, and Sunday,
So much, indeed, that I hope one day,
When working hours are cut still more
In office, factory, and store,
And automation is complete,
We shall, at last, make weekends meet.

RICHARD ARMOUR

No, Like This!

"Your boy will never grow up a cricketer if you teach him to hold the bat like that."

"That's the way I was taught to hold it."

"The striking surface should always be in the same plane as the inside of the left arm until just before the moment of impact."

"When I was in the army——"

"I don't mean all the left arm, of course. Just the parts in the same plane as the striking surface. I've been watching you. You let him tense the little finger of his right hand when he stepped out to the ball. And he'll be out to a leg-break if he uses his chin like that."

"He doesn't use his chin. It's just there."

"Of course a batsman uses his chin. How old is he?"

"Seven."

"Then there's still time for his neck muscles to unlearn the habits you've taught him. The left elbow needs to be raised two inches."

"I'll take him to a plastic surgeon tomorrow."

"Oh, if you don't *want* me to help. . . ."

GEOFFREY RICHARDS

THE WILDEST GAME · 3

by PETER RYHINER and Daniel P. Mannix

Our rhino-hunting starts a riot

Running feet, shattered windows, screaming animals. . . . Our river ship was becoming a madhouse of angry natives in fear of slavery

A baby rhino, trapped in Assam. Shortly before this picture was taken the mother rhino charged the hunters, and Ryhiner finished up in the river. Top left: Animal collector Peter Ryhiner with his wife Mercia

WITH my beautiful Eurasian bride, Mercia, I flew from Bangkok to Assam to capture some of the oldest, toughest and fiercest mammals in the world today—Indian rhinos.

There are only about 350 Indian rhinos left, making these "living fossils" extremely rare. In 1950 no foreigner could get a permit to shoot or capture one, and nobody but an idiot would even try.

However, when Dr. Heini Hediger, director of the Basle Zoo in Switzerland, cabled me an order for two of them, I remembered that two years previously I had been advised, if ever I wanted an Indian rhino, to get in touch with Mr. Pat Stracey. He was the senior conservation officer of forests in Assam, where there is a rhino reserve. By some fantastic luck, my letter reached Mr. Stracey, and by even greater good fortune he wrote back giving permission to export a pair of calves, worth about 80,000 Swiss francs.

The snag was that I had to catch the rhinos myself.

Still, when Dr. Hediger advanced us 30,000 Swiss francs—about £2,500—I set off for Assam with Mercia and my Indian helper, Shaik Subrati.

The flight over the foothills of the Himalayas into north-eastern India was one of the bumpiest I have ever endured. Subrati and I were old travellers and therefore virtually immune to both air sickness and seasickness, but poor Mercia nearly died. By the time we landed at Jorhat, she was so weak that Subrati and I had to carry her off the plane.

We hired an ancient car to drive us to the Kaziranga Wild Life Sanctuary where the rhinos lived. It was a sixty-mile drive over terrible roads.

We reached Kaziranga and put up in a dak bungalow left over from the British days. These dak bungalows are a godsend to travellers. They are scattered all over the country, never more than a day's journey apart, and were built by the British administrators for their use during inspection tours. Poor Mercia collapsed on the rickety old bed and I left Subrati in charge of her while I went to find Pat Stracey.

Instead, Pat found me. He drove in with some of his rangers in a beaten-up English Land-Rover while I was still asking the natives where I could find him. Pat was a Eurasian and looked like a slender, dark-complexioned Englishman. He was a cheerful, lively fellow with a great sense of humour and turned out to be one of the most capable men I've ever encountered. I was particularly curious to know why the forestry department had granted me a permit so easily and I asked him.

He replied, "Your request just happened to come in at a good time. Fifty years ago, there were only about ten rhinos left and they had to be rigorously protected. The locals hunted them mercilessly for their horns. As you probably know, the horn is supposed to be a powerful aphrodisiac and sells for about a hundred rupees an ounce.

"That's a fortune to people here. However, since we started protecting the rhinos, the herd has built up and is now as big as the sanctuary can stand. The sanctuary is a hundred and sixty-four square miles but we have to fight for every inch of it. The people want the land for rice paddies and crowd in from every side."

Dedicated planter

Later that afternoon, Mr. E. P. Gee drove up to the bungalow. Mr. Gee is a tea planter; a thin, schoolteacherish man who wears glasses and doesn't drink or smoke.

He is a bachelor and has devoted his life to the preservation of the Indian rhino. I believe that he was largely responsible for the creating of the Kaziranga Sanctuary.

The great question was how the young rhinos were to be captured. "In the old days, the mothers were always shot in order to obtain the young," Mr. Gee explained. "I am confident that this expedient will prove completely unnecessary. Dig pits. Cover them over with light reeds and earth. The rhinos always follow the same paths through the grass."

The next morning, Mercia and I went out to the elephant lines to inspect the animals we would use and especially Akbar, who was to be our pad (riding) elephant. We found him easily, for Akbar was the biggest elephant there, one of the biggest Indian elephants I've ever seen. He stood 9 feet 3½ inches at the shoulder and had magnificent 5½-foot tusks. His mahout proudly showed off the big bull. "Akbar is seventy years old, sahib," he said.

"Is he perfectly safe with people?" asked Mercia anxiously, for Akbar was watching us suspiciously out of his little eyes and running his trunk towards us in a manner suggestive of a great python moving towards its prey.

The mahout swelled with indignation. "*Mem-sahib*, there is a story told in the bazaars that Akbar has killed twelve men. It is a foul lie. He has killed only two."

"Didn't the authorities say anything?" I asked.

"They demanded his death, so Stracey Sahib said to them, 'Good. If you kill Akbar, you must first kill me.' But they have decreed that the tips of his beautiful tusks must be cut off. Stracey Sahib is fighting it, and with Allah's help he will prevail."

Mercia promptly announced that if

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ILFORD COLOUR

The wildest game

continued from page 13

necessary she would go to Nehru himself to prevent this crime, thereby completely winning over the mahout. She doubtless meant it too, at least at the moment. We arranged to start out on Akbar at dawn the next day, accompanied by another elephant, named Mohan. Pat Stracey would ride with us and another ranger would be on Mohan.

Next morning Pat was waiting for us impatiently. The rhinos are out only during the early morning and late afternoon; during the heat of the day they lie up in the thick ekkra grass, which is higher than a man's head even when he is on the back of an elephant.

Then we saw our first rhino.

He was a big bull, lying in a *bheel*, a rhino wallow. Rhinos have poor sight and as we were upwind of him, this bull was unconscious of our presence. He lay like a great pig, luxuriating in the wallow.

I was fascinated by the beast.

Watch on rhinos

Mercia was inching around me to get a better look and the bull caught the motion. Without the slightest warning he exploded out of the *bheel* and stood on the soft ground, the water pouring off him and both ears cocked forward. He had changed suddenly from a peaceful, wallowing pig to a dangerous wild beast—an armoured tank directed by a tiny, uncertain brain.

"They seldom charge now," said Pat with paternal pride. "They know that we won't hurt them. It's these damn poachers that cause all the trouble. If one of them wounds a rhino, of course that makes him vicious and after that he'll charge the first strange object he sees."

I spent the next three weeks going out morning and evening to watch the rhinos, for I needed to know a great deal about the animals to make sure of keeping them alive during the long trip to Europe.

I made several interesting observations. The Indian rhino calves always walked in front of their mothers where she could keep an eye on them. In Africa, the white rhino calves behave in the same way, but the black rhino calves go behind the mothers, a curious fact for which I can see no explanation. From my point of view, this was an important point as it made trapping a calf far easier. If the calves had followed the mothers, the adult would have been caught in a pit rather than the calf.

I fully expected to have my two calves in a few days, but nothing happened. Finally I found out what the trouble was. The mahouts were checking the traps, riding close to them on their elephants and then looking down from the advantage of their heights. Rhinos have a keen sense of smell and the odour of an elephant lingers a long time. The rhinos had simply abandoned the polluted paths.

Buffalo in trap

I had fresh pits dug and insisted that the Assamese go on foot to check them. They didn't like this idea at all as they had to follow the rhino paths through the ekkra, and there was always a possibility of meeting a rhino or a tiger. At last, I had to go with them.

One memorable morning as my men and I were plodding along a path towards one of our pits, we heard great snortings and splashings ahead of us.

Instead of a rhino, we found a mother water buffalo and her calf in the pit. The pit was half full of water from seepage, and the two animals were thrashing about, the mother's great horns and staring eyes barely above the surface and the poor little calf nearly drowned. I sent one of the men back to camp with instructions to bring Akbar and plenty of picks and shovels so we could liberate the unfortunates.

One of the natives and I took turns holding the calf's head above water until Akbar arrived. Instantly we set to work digging a ramp down one end of the pit so the captives could climb out while Akbar and his mahout stood watching. The work finished, we leaned panting on our tools, certain the thankful mother would trot away followed by her baby.

Instead, the mother stood looking balefully around. She was only a few yards away when I suddenly realized that I had miscalculated her sense of gratitude.

"Run, sahib, she's going to charge!" yelled the mahout. Even as he spoke, the cow lowered her head and came for me at startling speed.

I flung myself backwards into the grass. All around me were screams and yells as the cow went through the terrified natives, spraying them in all directions. Two of them drove into the pit, several plunged into the ekkra, one man raced towards Akbar with the raging cow after him.

I expected to see Akbar run because even for an elephant a charging buffalo is a terrible sight. Instead, Akbar curled up his trunk out of harm's way and braced himself to meet the charge. As the cow rushed in with lowered head, Akbar took the attack on his tusks. There was a crash that shook the ground under me and both animals recoiled from the shock. The cow backed away, shaking her head, and I thought that she'd had enough, but she came in again, this time going under the bull's tusks to disembowel him.

I saw her disappear under the elephant's body and red blood squirt into the air like a jet from a hose as her horns found their mark. Akbar screamed with pain and fury. He tried to kneel on her but the buffalo was under him, working with first one horn and then the other to reach his vitals. The cow drew back again. The bull was trumpeting furiously, the natives yelling, and the buffalo bellowing. Then the cow charged for the third time.

Elephant's triumph

Akbar dropped on his knees so she couldn't get under him again and received the charge with both his tusks. Thank heaven the tips hadn't been cut as the government had ordered. I thought the cow would impale herself but buffalos are tough animals. In spite of the fearful punishment she was taking, she kept trying to force home the charge. Akbar half rose and with a tremendous heave flung the cow over backwards. She staggered to her feet. Slowly, she turned and limped away, the bleating calf trotting behind her.

The rhinos had turned out to be much cleverer than I'd thought. The cows in some way or other sensed the presence of the pits and avoided them. Then I had an idea. The rhinos must be mad about salt because there were only a few salt licks in the reserve. I decided to scatter salt over the pit coverings and along the paths leading to the pits. Perhaps the rhinos, in their eagerness to get the salt, would forget caution and be caught.

Subrati and I spent an afternoon spreading the salt. We were out at dawn the next day.

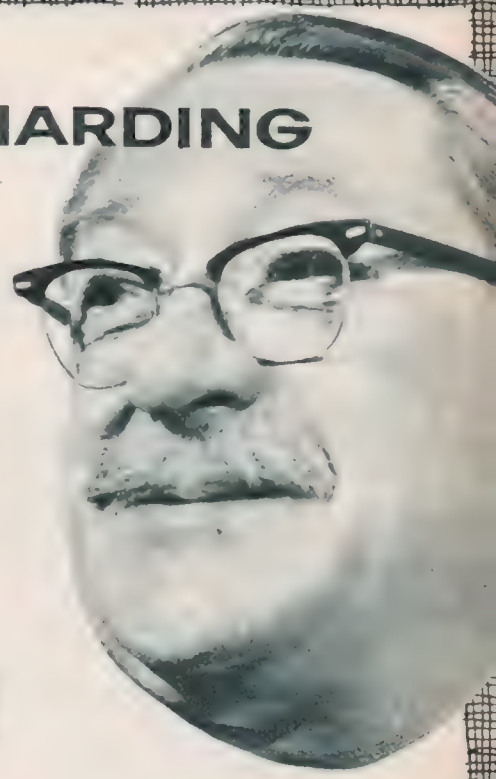
The cover of the first pit was gone; there was nothing but a gaping hole in the ground. We approached it without daring to hope. Inside was a baby rhino. Subrati and I raced back to camp, yelling with excitement.

Mercia burst into tears of relief. Everyone in the camp went mad with excitement. Akbar was still recuperating from his fight with the buffalo, so we started out on another pad elephant, named Jess Pagli, which means "the Crazy One." Jess Pagli wasn't fully broken to rhinos, but we had no time to think of that. Mohan was hitched to a big transport cage and followed us more slowly. There were five people on Jess Pagli, including Mercia and me. I was carrying a very fine German camera to photograph the transferring

continued on page 28

GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

What a way to judge a child!



I HAVE never been able to discover why nearly every examination of importance is held at a time of the year when the sun shines so temptingly and study is a burden.

In fact there are very good reasons why the G.C.E. should not be held in the summer. The examination determines university entrance in October; I am told by friends at the universities that they could do with very much more time to allocate places. But we go on darkening the sunniest days for tens of thousands of children.

My heart goes out to everybody who is shadowed by an examination to come—or, nearly as bad, who has been waiting for a result upon which their whole future may depend.

My last summer at Cambridge was made miserable by the thought of having my mind prised open by hostile inquisitors determined to discover only what things I did *not* know. With my usual flair for belated remorse, I regretted the days and nights I had spent in idle but delightful talk.

I went to a hypnotist who, I must admit, gave me a little badly needed confidence in myself. I also tried medicines.

I see that Doctor Nicolas Malleson, the students' doctor at London University, sees no ethical objection to giving such aids and that he does, in fact, dose many students.

A matter of luck

I tried drugs; I even tried to do some last-minute studying. But I was saved, and managed to scrape an inglorious third-class honours degree in history, largely because of the kindness and foresight of a clever friend of mine.

"Don't worry," he said flippantly, "all you need to know about is Draco, the City States and the Peloponnesian War."

Believe it or not (I found it hard to believe my own eyes) questions on all those three subjects were asked.

I do not begrudge or belittle the triumphs of people who are clever enough to come out of examinations with flying colours, but I cannot help feeling that far too much (often a career) can depend upon such luck.

Success in examinations proves only one thing: that the candidate is good at examinations.

I have, in my time, marked hundreds of examination papers, a tedious task.

They were not papers for very important examinations. I did, however, treat these efforts with tender respect: they were very important to somebody, even if I found them a bore. I am sure that all markers of papers are conscientious, and rough justice is usually done.

What used to worry me was that the justice *was* rough, yet the giving of marks implies precision. A boy or a girl can fail by one mark.

I did, once, go to some trouble to find out how examiners for the big examinations such as the G.C.E. set about their formidable task.

An assistant examiner may receive a bundle of some five hundred papers. These markers, at about 4s. 3d. a script, have already undergone an examination themselves, seeing what they make of a number of trial papers. They discuss their findings with the senior examiner and do not go ahead with the bulk of their papers until they have been told that they are on the beam.

It seems fair . . .

Who are they? Nearly all university and grammar school teachers (who never get their own schools' papers); often they are wives who have been teachers.

When all the papers have been marked (and there are about 100,000 G.C.E. papers), each examiner's results are carefully analysed; if he has marked down more people than his colleagues, further revision takes place. Borderline papers are all rescanned by someone other than the first marker. The markers of papers do not "pass" or "fail" children; that task falls to "awarders."

It all seems fair enough. But examiners are only human. I know that when I encountered difficult handwriting, and the coffee was cold, and the clock hands past midnight, though I might try, and did try, to be fair, I probably was subconsciously prejudiced.

I changed my own attitude towards examinations when, just before the war, I started to read for the Bar. I found, to my surprise and delight, that I could, and did, pass some of the examinations. Then the war put an end to my hopes.

I was, you see, both studying law and earning my living as a crammer. A crammer has been described as a man who can get even the most stupid camel through a needle's eye; I certainly got most unlikely candidates through their army entrance examination. They did not read history; they read a cunningly potted digest of history—no frills, only facts. We stuffed them with facts and tested them, parrotwise.

My success convinced me that exam-passing has little to do with real education. It needs a good memory and reasonable industry. It is as easy, or as difficult, as that.

THE END

Orson Welles and Curt Jurgens in *Ferry To Hongkong*. Welles likes sampans, and used one daily to get to work

Double Fat Man and the sampan saga

The curious story behind the and found fire crackers, joss

by E. S. TURNER

FEI FEI LO, the Double Fat Man, the lord with the great white nose, sat in the bottom of a sampan, smoking a seven-inch cigar, gripping a typewriter and a tartan suitcase.

Two seven-year-old Chinese girls, supple as weasels, rowed him gravely through the tumult of Hongkong harbour, where Asia tips her surplus population into the sea.

The Double Fat Man was Orson Welles, on his way to another day's filming which would earn him £500 of Lord Rank's money. His nose was white because he had not had time to finish it (he does not care to use his own nose).

Curt Jurgens was also reporting for duty, not in a sampan but in a private yacht, the Kon Tiki; a yacht, with a beautiful fourth (French) wife, his Chinese secretary-chauffeur, a cook, a maid, a crew of four, a monkey and a riot of parrots.

The day's stint of this well-endowed Austrian, who began his film career by playing an emperor and can now afford some of the comforts of one, would net him almost £700. It would help to pay the rates on his homes in Switzerland, Bavaria, the south of France and California. Nobody thought it odd that he was about to play the part of a homeless tramp.

Between them, these two citizens of the world would pocket considerably more than a fifth of the £500,000 allotted by Pinewood for the production of *Ferry To Hongkong*. It is a large budget for a British film, but an assault on the international market must be conducted with international stars. This wide-screen adventure film has been launched as the first of a series of "blockbusters," and is newsworthy in that it was shot in its entirety on the other side of the world.

Round the world

Much may be cooked up in a studio, but not the rumbustious city of Hongkong. You can sink the Titanic in a Buckinghamshire field, but you cannot create an Oriental waterfront by importing Mercedes taxis and rickshaws into Yarmouth, and playing a few bars of *Chu Chin Chow*. The place to film Hongkong is Hongkong.

Before the unit of fifty went East, George Maynard and Lewis Gilbert, producer and director, each flew round the world twice. To Gilbert, who is still in his thirties, fell the task of running Orson Welles to ground, via Rome, Paris, Naples, London and California. Welles is always on the move and was always one step ahead. All this was in order to put £50,000 in the man's pocket.

Lewis Gilbert, whom Lord Rank appointed to spend half a million pounds, is a lean, top-flight executive whose career is a crushing answer to those who say that child actors get nowhere. Between his seventh and fifteenth birthdays this son of music-hall parents appeared in seventy films. As a director, he has been responsible for *Reach For The Sky, The Admirable Crichton* and *A Cry From The Street*. In a job with a high ulcer rate, he does not flap; there is a point, he says, at which he knows he must stop worrying.

In *Ferry To Hongkong*, Orson Welles plays a paddle boat skipper whose craft plies between the British colony and the old Portuguese settlement of Macao, a freckle on the hide of Communist China. To his disgust, he is saddled with a stateless passenger in the person of Curt Jurgens, who is rejected by the immigration authorities of both colonies and doomed to spend the rest of his life afloat, pitied only by Sylvia Syms, an English schoolteacher, who, mysteriously shuttles between the two ports.

The unit's first requirement was a ferry boat. John Stoll, the art director, who did not (at the time) claim to be a marine engineer, visited a Hongkong shipyard and sketched the sort of vessel he had in mind.

In the space of five weeks a condemned cargo tramp was gutted, re-engined, fitted with paddle wheels and given two extra decks. She was also fitted with two bridges, one for the real skipper and one where Orson Welles could clang the telegraph without bringing Hongkong to a standstill.

At the same time the vessel was equipped as a film studio, with lighting generators, dressing-rooms, wardrobes and ship-to-shore telephone. She bore the name of Fa Tsan, which means something like Smooth Prosperity, but was known to the unit as Fat Annie.

By the time an imposing, neon-lit landing-stage had been built at Wing Ping Street, the people of Hongkong were ready to queue up for the passage to Macao.

Lucky butterflies

The Fa Tsan lived on intimate terms with her neighbours. Each shooting day she nudged her way out through flimsy flotillas laden with babies, grandfathers, dogs and poultry, past market boats, sing-song boats and beggar boats. Above her, as often as not, fluttered good-luck butterflies. In a typhoon, the Fa Tsan, though warranted seaworthy, would have needed all the butterflies she could get.

The mysterious East was still capable of behaving mysteriously. One night, as the Fa Tsan lay at the pier, a little group of Chinese came down to the water's edge, bringing with them an unlikely assortment of properties: a live eel, a candle on a slotted platform and a duck tethered by a long string. Deftly, the eel was harnessed to the candle (try this some time) and the wick was lit. Away snaked the eel into the China Sea, the light bobbing uncertainly in its wake. Then the duck was persuaded to swim after it, as far as its leash of string would permit.

The purpose of the operation was to make contact with the spirit of a drowned fisherman. Lured from the subterranean shades by candlelight, the spirit would be guided safely to land by the captive duck.

For the sake of some music and colour, Lewis Gilbert wanted to film a Chinese funeral. "Not a rich man's funeral, just that of an ordinary citizen," he specified. The most ordinary funeral his scouts could find had two bands and took twenty minutes to pass a given point. A great man's funeral would have had up to six bands and might have taken an hour to go by.

At times like this, Lewis Gilbert felt that the East was overdoing it. There was that business, too, of the pirate chief.

The man for the rôle, they told him, was Chiang Kai-shek's one-time standard bearer, Chang Ying Woo, warranted tall and ruthless-looking. He was flown up from Formosa to be inspected, but had to be rejected, with regrets, on the ground that he was altogether larger than life. In fact, he was seven feet six inches tall. Walt Disney, perhaps, could have found a part for him.

After this disappointment it was decided to cheat. With the unit, as Orson Welles's stand-in, was Milton Reid, a Scotsman better known to London wrestling fans as Jungle Boy. He had already played a Japanese executioner. They shaved his head, gave him an intimidating Oriental moustache and two gold teeth, and sent him out on a trial run into the alleys of Hongkong, where the Chinese population found him as authentic as any twelve-year-old egg—and just as uncommunicative.

There were other auditions—for sing-song people, for little girls, for old men

stars who went East with £500,000 to spend sticks in the studio . . . and snake for dinner

with beards, for plate-spinners, for dancing girls.

The sing-song fraternity are the buskers of the harbour, who cruise off the floating restaurants entertaining diners at the rate of three songs for six shillings. Their repertoire is performed with zither, 'cello and wooden block.

John Dark, the production manager, embarked on the praiseworthy feat of teaching a sing-song group to play "Rule Britannia." It was not an unmitigated success. Still in the line of duty, he taught the dancing girls a chorus routine.

A giggle of little girls were signed on as Sylvia Syms's pupils. They had names like Lustre of the Morning, Happiness in My Heart, Moonbeam's Magic and Shining Pearl; names such as the West would throw away on cosmetics. Almost all of them spoke English.

Another child actor was a little girl who literally begged her way into the film; her appeal for money was ahswered with a part as a beggar girl, at a fee of fifty Hongkong dollars (about £3).

Always the Chinese have excelled at the nickname game. Orson Welles was called Double Fat Man only to distinguish him from John Stoll, who was Fat Man. The assistant director, who spends much of his time calling for silence, was The Voice. From the nature of his eyebrows, the sound director was Shrimp Eye. Inevitably, perhaps, the accountant was Cold Eye.

John Stoll was one of the first to "go native." True, he did not cocoon himself in fifteen yards of best Thailand silk like Orson Welles, but he was found burning joss sticks in his Chinese hotel to ward off those evil spirits which vex art directors. He went so far as to obtain prayer papers from a temple, burn them in the traditional way over a glass of water and gulp down the ashes for good luck.

Ash-and-water is one thing, bird's-nest soup is another, but a full-dress snake dinner, as the unit found, is something else again. It is not easy to discover just who ate what at a certain formal dinner in Macao. The idea of the entertainment originated with Orson Welles, who at the last minute was unaccountably prevented from attending.

When the company had assembled in the house of their banker host, a waiter brought in a basket containing about a dozen live but fangless snakes and set it in the middle of the table. This, although the guests did not yet appreciate the fact, was the wine course. The snakes, one by one, were slit open and the contents of their gall bladders decanted into glasses. In fact, the glasses were very small, but they looked enormous; just as the sheep's eye at an Arab feast looks the size of a grapefruit to the guest of honour. Bile wine very nice, very good for rheumatism, very Chinese, said the host.

All agreed that it was very Chinese.

Simone's delight

The next course, after a suitable pause for anticipation, consisted of snake meat roasted, stewed, boiled and fried. It tasted like chicken which had been frightened by an ox. Sylvia Syms, whose hobby is cooking, sighed for *soufflés* in South Kensington.

Curt Jurgens's French wife, Simone, brought up on a more adventurous diet, claimed to be enjoying herself. Her husband merely said that he had tasted more delicate meats in his time; if his next contract forbids him to eat snake, he will not protest.

Food apart, Macao is noted for its fireworks, which are built for sustained noise rather than beauty. These, and the matches to light them with, are almost the only industries. Orson Welles, as an act of civility, patronized them both. Curt Jurgens preferred to attend the local casino, even though it falls short of Monte Carlo standards. When he had relieved it of £1,000 (about a day and a half's salary) the regulations were revised.

Besides their floating studio, the unit built a dry-land studio at Deepwater Bay, Hongkong. It was finished in a month, most of the labouring work on it being done by women. Permission was given, on request, for the discharge of fireworks in the studio grounds. Nobody ordered joss sticks, but much of the time they burned away.

Did it backwards

A workman who knew no English successfully painted "The J. Arthur Rank Organization" from right to left on a signboard. As a reward for good workmanship, the film men gave snake dinners to some of their contractors, leaving the details to the caterers.

Labour troubles were few, once it was appreciated that north Chinese and South Chinese do not revel in each other's company.

Much care had to be taken not to inflict loss of face. Helping a Chinese woman to carry something merely causes her humiliation. Sylvia Syms asked her *amah* (woman servant) to sit down to tea with her; the house-boy came in and the *amah*, covered with confusion, retired. Craftsmen carving a property to be used in the film would have resisted any suggestion that they should scamp their work merely because their handiwork would be out of shot; to have taken money for unfinished work would have been against their code. As a result, a bar built for a nightclub scene was too good to scrap and now serves as a real bar.

This does not mean that Chinese craftsmen were slow workers. Between 6 p.m. and 8.30 a.m. a tailor working in a back room behind a sweet shop cut out and completed for Orson Welles a white uniform, complete with gold braid—and seemed surprised that anybody was surprised.

Lewis Gilbert, for one, thought so highly of the Chinese attitude to work that he brought a houseboy back to London with him.

Shooting for the wide screen, in a city like Hongkong, called for especial alertness, to prevent irrelevancies, or unwanted spectators, creeping in at the edges of the panorama.

For a number of British Servicemen in Hongkong, the unit's visit brought an unexpected indulgence. They were invited to assist in a scene which involved wrecking a nightclub, and were paid fifty dollars a day for the pleasure. For film purposes, a nightclub takes several days to destroy.

In the early stages of the proceedings members of the Army Physical Training Corps, practising trick falls, appear to have retired hurt, but the Royal Navy and the Green Howards successfully threw their weight about. The army also lent rather more professional assistance in a scene which called for the exploding of a junk.

Something happened to Orson Welles at Hongkong. Perhaps it was the effect of acting the part of a burly, cigar-smoking Englishman, but he let it be known that, if the opportunity arose, he would be available to play the principal rôle in a screen life of Sir Winston Churchill. At times, onlookers began to think that he was playing Sir Winston Churchill anyway.

He filled in his spare time writing articles for an American magazine and reading Chinese history. In spite of which he found time to rewrite much of his part in *Ferry To Hongkong*.

They would have thought he was losing his grip if he hadn't tried to do so.

THE END

Jurgens and his wife lived in Western-style on a yacht. But on land they travelled by sedan

Welles—Double Fat Man to the Chinese—discusses the script with the film's director, Lewis Gilbert

Gilbert used local Chinese as extras. Here Jurgens watches him drill them in a key scene

Sylvia Syms goes sightseeing in a sampan, and finds that a Hongkong family lives aboard

The leading lady, steamer Fa Tsan, threads her way through Hongkong's harbour. Specially built for the film, she was nicknamed Fat Annie

Jurgens waits for a cue. He plays a stateless wanderer, condemned to stay on Fat Annie—till she sinks

Local sing-song girls on the film's nightclub set. British soldiers were given parts in a rough-house scene

Jurgens tries a Chinese meal. His wife Simone said she even enjoyed eating snake. But nobody else did

THE NIGHT OF WENCESLAS *brilliant new thriller by* LIO

TWO STEPS FROM SA

I STEPPED off the tram like a cripple in my gigantic jackboots. Each seemed to weigh about a ton. I began to clump wearily towards Barrandov—and Vlasta Simenova. She was my one hope of escaping the Czech security police. . . .

My name is Nicolas Whistler. Tricked into coming to Prague by a money-lender named Cunliffe, I found I was carrying information about British nuclear weapons. I destroyed the paper it was written on and tried to reach the British Embassy. But the security police, the S.N.B., were guarding the only approach to the embassy night and day.

I needed a friend badly. Before I left London my mother had written letters of introduction to old friends in Prague, including a letter to Hana, my old nanny. But my Uncle Imre had torn them up, reminding me that Mother lived so much in the past. All her friends had left Prague long ago, he said, and Hana was dead. So I had no friends.

I had been on the run twenty-four hours already and in my present ludicrous clothes—a Czechoslovakian countryman's gala-day costume I had pinched—I was highly conspicuous. A change of clothing was vital.

It was then that I remembered Vlasta. I had gone out with her shortly after arriving in Prague—and I was supposed to have met her today, too. Perhaps she could help. . . .

Her telephone number was in my diary. When I got to Barrandov I rang her from a telephone box. She gave me directions for reaching her bungalow. I was relieved to hear it was not far.

Even so, it was after midnight when I got there and crunched softly up the path. The bungalow was dark and silent. The door was open. I went in. . . .

VLASTA had not gone to bed. She was waiting for me in a dressing-gown in the living-room. There was a little table lamp on, the curtains securely drawn, and she was lying smoking a cigarette on the divan.

She sat up sharply when I came in. "Nicolas. What are you—what clothes have you got on?"

"It's a hell of a long story. Vlasta, do you have such a thing as a drink?" Now I was inside, in safety, in the warm, dimly lit room, the reaction had come on. I felt myself trembling.

She looked curiously at me, but asked no further questions. She poured me an enormous glass of *slivovitz*, which I drank immediately.

"Vlasta, when is your father returning?"

"Wednesday, perhaps. He is giving a concert in Bratislava."

"You're not expecting anyone to visit you here?"

"No. Nicolas, what is it?"

I said: "Vlasta, I'm in serious trouble. I've got to hide."

"What is it you've done?"

"It might be better if you knew nothing about it."

She said quietly: "You're not a spy, Nicolas?"

"No, Vlasta. Not really. It's very complicated to explain. I need to get in touch with the British Embassy. I've tried already but the place is covered by S.N.B. men."

"S.N.B." She stubbed out her cigarette, gazing at me. "How serious would it be for us—for my father and me—if they found you here?"

"It could be very serious indeed. But I've got nowhere else to go, Vlasta. I've just got to have a night's rest. They'll kill me if they catch me but I'll go tomorrow if you want me to."

The Slav temperament is built to respond to melodrama. She was deeply touched. She leaned over me and took my head. "*Milacek*, of course you will stay. Tonight anyway. You're exhausted. And maybe I can go to the embassy for you."

I swivelled round. "The embassy? How do you mean, the embassy? Have you been there?"

"But of course. Two or three times a month. There are many messages because of the new trade agreement."

"Well, for God's sake!" I said, seeing in the one moment a whole range of new vistas. A letter from me; a car drawing up one night; myself in the back under a rug. Safe. "Vlasta, do you think you could do it?"

"I don't know. Why not?"

Suddenly the telephone rang. I was off the divan and practically in her lap with fright. She stared at me, jaw dropping.

"Who could it be?" I asked. "Your father?"

"I don't know." She went to answer it. "*No, no. No trouble. I wasn't in bed yet. Very well indeed, gracious pane,*" she said in Czech. "*He is in Bratislava. On Wednesday I expect him. Certainly I will tell him. Thank you. You are very gracious.*"

She slammed down the receiver and came back, face stormy. "One of his musical friends. They ring at all hours." She paced around the room angrily, and stopped by me, softening. "*Milacek*, stop worrying."

She filled my glass again with *slivovitz* while I gave her a severely expurgated version of events. I told her I had come to Prague for Pavelka to learn confidentially of the glass process he had initiated and that the police had learned what I was doing, necessitating flight.

WHEN I finished she was frowning. "It sounds serious, certainly," she said. "But they wouldn't kill you for that. You are too nervous, my Nicolas."

I ground my teeth a little. "There were a couple of things I didn't mention. There was a *formula*," I said earnestly. "You don't need to know about that. The point is they're looking for me, and my only hope is to get to the embassy."

"So. And you wish me to go for you. Yes, *milacek*."

I didn't think she was quite on wavelength. I said: "I want you to take a letter there, Vlasta. I want them to try and smuggle me in, in a car. I don't want the car to come here, do

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

NEL DAVIDSON

FETY

you understand? I'll have to get out of here."

"Yes, I understand. You do not wish to bring danger to this house."

"You're sure you can get to the embassy tomorrow—today?"

"It is not a busy day. I should be able to manage."

"You go right inside, do you?"

"To the reception desk."

"At the desk, do they open whatever it is you normally take there?"

"I don't think so. I don't know."

"Could you get hold of a Glass Board envelope and write 'Urgent, Personal, For the Ambassador's Attention Only' on it?"

"I think so."

She got up and found me writing materials and a suit of her father's. After this she went into the kitchen and made coffee. I began writing on the divan, and presently she came in with the coffee and sat over me.

"You're copying out your passport number?"

I was, together with every other bit of personal information that would make the crazy rigmarole even faintly believable.

She watched me for a bit. "And the formula? You're putting that in?"

"No," I said briefly.

"I don't mind taking it, Nicolas. There is no danger to me. Don't think about me."

"I'm not, Vlasta. There isn't a formula. It doesn't exist."

"I don't want you to tell me anything you don't want to."

"Right," I said, and was presently aware that the divan was shaking slightly. She was crying. "Ah, Vlasta, what is it?"

She put her head on my shoulder, sobbing quietly but powerfully. I put my arm awkwardly round her.

"You say they'll kill you if they find this thing."

"No, no, Vlasta. It isn't like that. I haven't got the damned thing."

"I can't bear to think of you in danger in this terrible country, little merchant. Let me take it for you."

I rolled my eyes horribly. There was a degree of obtuseness about this otherwise splendid girl that made all normal communications impossible. I said wearily: "Dearest Vlasta, I haven't got the formula. I'm telling the truth."

She looked at me through tear-stained eyes. "You only say this to comfort me, *milacek*. Who else would you have given it to? There was only the old person, your nanny, and she is dead. The husband? Would you trust him more than me because he is a man?"

"No, of course I wouldn't. I can't even remember him. Vlasta—" It was useless, of course, but I made the effort. "That formula, Vlasta. It wasn't the right one. It was something else. I got rid of it. I've forgotten it. All I want to do now is get to the embassy."

I was not sure if she believed me. Her mournful eyes indicated only recognition of large areas of nobility in my protestations. She regarded me softly. "You're so tired, Nicolas. It's time you went to bed. You can finish the letter in the morning."

It was true I was tired—too tired to protest when she began removing my

I was trapped on the edge of freedom. Behind me was a ruthless gunman; before me a bolted door

The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

boots. She practically carried me into the bedroom. I was vaguely aware of something, some problem that hung about, cloudlike, on the fringe of consciousness. Presently I drifted off to sleep, still troubled. . . .

The tall S.N.B. man had got me up against the wardrobe and I couldn't move. I knew he was going to hit me again. He'd got hold of my chin with one hand, and he was going to smash it with the other. I wrenched my neck sideways and threshed away out of the room and into the blackness at Barrandov.

I awoke with the S.N.B. interrogation still going on and on in my mind. *Who did you give it to? You'll have to tell us. Now or later, as you please. We know you gave it to someone. Who is it you trust more than us? Did you give it to the husband of the old person, your nanny?*

But no, I thought, heart sickly beating, that was Vlasta, not the interrogators. And when had I said anything about this old person, my nanny? Who the hell so much as mentioned this old person?

I THOUGHT back frenziedly over every conversation with the girl. No nannies. No occasion when nannies might have arisen. With sudden sinking recognition I realized what had troubled me before I went off to sleep.

This girl knew something about me that I had never told her.

I thought, *Oh God, no.* Something was gravely wrong here; and in the same moment I saw a whole series of other wrong things. This spacious bungalow just for her father and herself, in a town where space was at a premium; the telephone call at one o'clock in the morning; her insistence on the formula.

I sat wildly up in bed, and wondered what the hell to do now. That mysterious telephone call . . . checking up that all was well. And all had been well; *Milacek* installed and ready to spill the beans. But what beans? What had I been expected to spill to the girl that they couldn't knock out of me in half an hour?

I held my head in my hands and racked my weary brains.

"Are you all right, *milacek?*" She was awake!

"Quite all right," I said, sinking back.

"Was there anything else you wanted to tell me?"

"No," I said; but in the same moment saw that indeed there was.

The formula; the unspeakable, unmentionable, thrice-cursed formula! That was it. They genuinely didn't know what had happened to it. There was just a possibility—it could be no more than a possibility—that I had hidden it somewhere, passed it on to someone.

"*Milacek*, why are you so worried. You don't trust me enough."

"I do, Vlasta, I do," I said, and sighed. "There's just one thing. . . . I daren't ask you to do it."

"Nicolas, Nicolas, I've told you a thousand times, I'll do anything."

MY heart was beating in a sick sort of way. "It's that formula, Vlasta. I didn't destroy it. It's a lot more important than I am. And it could just save me. The embassy might think the letter was a trick, but if you could take the formula with it——"

"*Milacek*, I've been pleading with you to let me take it."

"You don't understand, Vlasta. I haven't got it. It's hidden."

She was silent. I wondered if I'd ladled it on a bit too thick. But she said, after a moment: "You want me to go and get it?"

"No, Vlasta. There are other people involved. You wouldn't get it. I would have to get it myself and meet you in town. And that's why I daren't ask you to do it. Vlasta, it's dreadful even asking you to take it to the embassy. It's so terribly dangerous."

"*Milacek*, stop worrying now."

"But, of course," I said, "if I'm followed anywhere, I'll cancel the plan. I daren't compromise you or my—my colleagues. I'll die before I give anything away."

"Forget it now," she said. "Don't worry about anything more just now, *milacek*."

She was clear-eyed, relaxed, even a little gay the next morning. "It's late. I forgot I have an early job this morning. I'll have to make a telephone call."

I had been wondering how she would cope with the change of arrangements, and listened with interest as she went to the phone. "*Agnes, I'm afraid I will be late this morning. The early job will have to be put off. No, no, nothing wrong. I'll alter the schedule myself when I come in. There is no need for you to do anything, Agnes dear, nothing at all.*"

I finished the letter in the kitchen while she ate her breakfast, and watched with some fascination her magnificent jungle appetite.

"You know what you've got to do, Vlasta?"

"I am to put this in a Glass Board envelope and mark it 'Urgent, Personal, For the Attention of the Ambassador Only.' "

"And you meet me where?"

"At the Slavia at twelve. If you're not there by ten minutes past, I go away."

"And then?"

"I am to telephone you here from a call-box at two o'clock. If there is no reply, I go back to the Slavia again at five. If you are not there, I take the letter as it is to the embassy without the formula."

"That's it," I said. A bit of elaboration had seemed worth while. I took both of her hands and looked sincerely into her eyes. She looked sincerely back, champing her jaws. "I won't try to thank you, Vlasta. You know how I feel. But for both our sakes, keep exactly to the instructions. If I don't keep any of the arrangements, it means the police are on to me. Don't take any chances. Don't hang about. Go right to the embassy."

SHE went ten minutes later. I sat on, smoking a cigarette and staring at her plate. She had sunk three slices of cold veal, half a loaf of bread, a dish of sour cream and a large bowl of coffee.

I left the house at half past ten. I thought I had four or five hours of relative freedom of movement. I caught a juddering Skoda bus into town. The heat enabled me to carry her father's jacket over my arm, which was just as well; it fitted me like an overcoat. The trousers had needed turning up four inches and I had secured them with a pair of bicycle clips I had found in a drawer. There had also been a hammer in the drawer. I had that too.

I walked from the Heights and entered the Malostranske from the far side, where I had not been formerly, and passed the Thunovska, where the British Embassy was. The security men were still there, two on each corner. I went down the next street, running parallel with it.

I went in the first big building, saw a lift shaft, stairs going up and down. I went down. At the bottom of the stairs was a little glass-enclosed cubby hole. Nobody was there. Beyond the cubby hole was a door, half-opened and leading to a boiler-room. The boiler was a large cylindrical affair. There was a round iron ceiling hatch with a hinged iron ladder, folded back and clipped to a hook on the wall.

I unclipped the ladder, drew it into position and climbed up. I waited for a moment under the hatch, listening. Then I raised my arms and pushed. The hatch was heavy as hell, a slab of apparently solid iron, but it went up quite easily. I climbed up into the open air and found myself in an enclosed yard.

There were a number of dustbins, a builder's cart, an assorted pile of lumber. There was also a pair of double doors, bolted and padlocked. The lock looked rusty, but the key turned without trouble. The door opened into an alley, which ran into the side street.

With something of the elation of Columbus catching his first sight of that good old stuff, dry land, I locked and bolted the doors, hurried down the coal tip, and pulled the hatch back in position.

The boiler-room measured some forty feet square. There were two small rooms off it. One contained a broken chair, a camp-bed, a bag of soot and numerous stoking implements; the other, logs—no doubt an emergency fuel supply. There were no locks or bolts to either door. I took to the timber.

After a couple of hours I was beginning to regret it. I had scooped a hole for myself in the logs in one of the corners farthest from the door and lay there, painfully uncomfortable and half stupefied in the musty heat. From time to time the caretaker came into the boiler-room. But he didn't come into the log cupboard.

I dozed and woke and dozed and woke, three or four times, I think. The last time, when I blearily came to, the whine of the lift shaft had stopped and there was no movement of feet above.

DRUNKENLY, I clambered out of the log pile, felt for the door and went into the boiler-room. It was dark, but with a welcome sense of space. I got the camp-bed out of the other cupboard. It was a telescopic affair of metal tubes and somewhat smelly canvas, and collapsed twice before I got the hang of it. I took my shoes off and lay out flat in the cavernous blackness and let my bruised limbs throb back to life.

They would be looking all over the town for me again now, I thought. I wondered what Vlasta was doing.

I slept presently. When I awoke I sat up in a panic, thinking I'd overslept. But I hadn't. I heard a clock strike five. I counted, shivering with cold and fear. I'd remembered what I had to do the instant I sat up and my stomach had turned over.

My teeth were chattering. I got off the camp-bed and put on the jacket and moved around, stretching my body. I could see no possibility of going through with the plan. I felt acutely ill, stiff and clumsy, physically incapable of the effort required.

I went up the ladder and opened the hatch. Small, distant sounds of activity were coming from the waking world above. A train hooted, a car changed gear. There was no sound yet of the trams, or of that other special noise that I awaited.

Just before six o'clock I lit my last cigarette and smoked it lingeringly. Then I went up the ladder.

It was a still, grey morning, misty. I crossed the yard and unlocked the padlock and went out into the alley. The street was grey and damp, quite deserted. I made my way up to the top where it ran out to the Malostranske, and withdrew into a deep doorway.

A few hundred yards away in the

continued on page 30

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

A machine in a certain factory has two equal glass cylinders, as reservoirs. One holds oil; the other holds water. When the machine is working, it empties the water cylinder in 3 hours and the oil cylinder in 4 hours. One morning after filling both cylinders, the operator started the machine and kept it running until 12.30 p.m., when he stopped for a meal. He then noticed that there was three times as much liquid left in one cylinder as in the other.

At what time was the machine started?

QUIZZLE

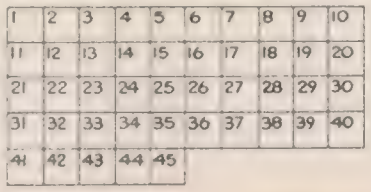
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in sequence in the small grid, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

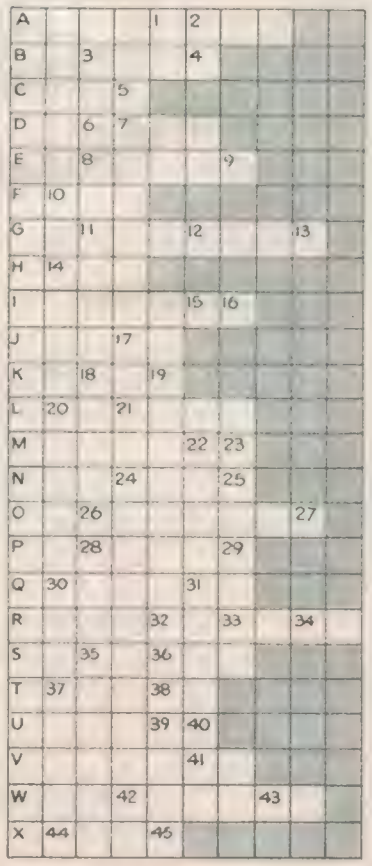
CLUE DOWN

A. Milton's description of new surroundings (5, 5, 3, 8, 3).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Flute player.
B. Administration.
C. Signature of Archbishop of York.
D. Ironic invective.
E. Science of preserving health.
F. Architect of St. Paul's Cathedral.
G. Spherical.
H. Burden.
I. Eldest son of a King of France.
J. Worsted fabric.
K. Yellowish fossil resin.
L. Great N. American waterfall.
M. Depth to which a ship sinks in water.
N. Large bird with long bill and pouch for storing fish.
O. Signature.
P. Chief officer of the Crown in an English shire.
Q. Shaven part of a monk's head.
R. An assemblage of colleges.
S. Fried ball of minced food.
T. Worn out.
U. Curved tool for reaping.
V. Roman god of the sea.
W. Practice of employing secret agents.
X. Card game.





NOW TURN TO PAGE 33 FOR THE ANSWERS

A sign of quality

Good designing is something which applies to everything from refrigerators to pots and pans. These two items are among the designs of the year

CAN you look round your home and spot items which have definitely not proved themselves to be examples of sound, wise buying? Furniture which has come unstuck, mattresses which sag in the middle, although still quite new, sweaters which have shrunk although carefully washed, or appliances which are noisy or troublesome.

These things are a source of constant irritation to us, reminders of mistakes which we have made, and an eyesore among the otherwise well-chosen goods in our homes. Most infuriating of all is the fact that many, if not all of these mistakes, could have been avoided had our approach to shopping in general been more sensible. Now, more than ever before, associations and manufacturers are working wholeheartedly to raise the standard of goods.

Mark of approval

Items which have been subjected to testing and which have been proved as being up to standard carry a mark of approval, a seal or kite-mark. But if we are to reap the benefit of these tests, then we must be able to recognize these marks, know what they stand for, and make full use of them when we shop.

Most of us are familiar with the British Standards Institution, which was originally set up by industry and supported partly by industry and partly by the government. Specification sheets were published by the institute to provide a basic standard of quality for materials used. Committees composed of manufacturers, distributors, independent technicians and, of course, users, were set up to carry out the work of the institute.

B.S.I. inspectors are free to inspect factories whenever they choose, and to select random samples of goods for testing. The B.S.I. kite-mark is the just reward of approved goods. Once awarded the B.S.I. inspectors may still make random tests to assure that there is no falling off in quality.

B.S.I. however is no longer only concerned with industry, but has moved into the field of consumer protection. This is done through the Consumer Advisory Council at 2 Park Street, London, W.1. Membership of this body is open to you and me. You can become an associate member for a subscription of 10s. This entitles you to free advice on shopping and to receiving copies of *Shopper's Guide*.

In *Shopper's Guide* you will find three types of reports, information without actual tests, practical trials by domestic science experts under normal home conditions, and laboratory tests by British Standard or other established methods.

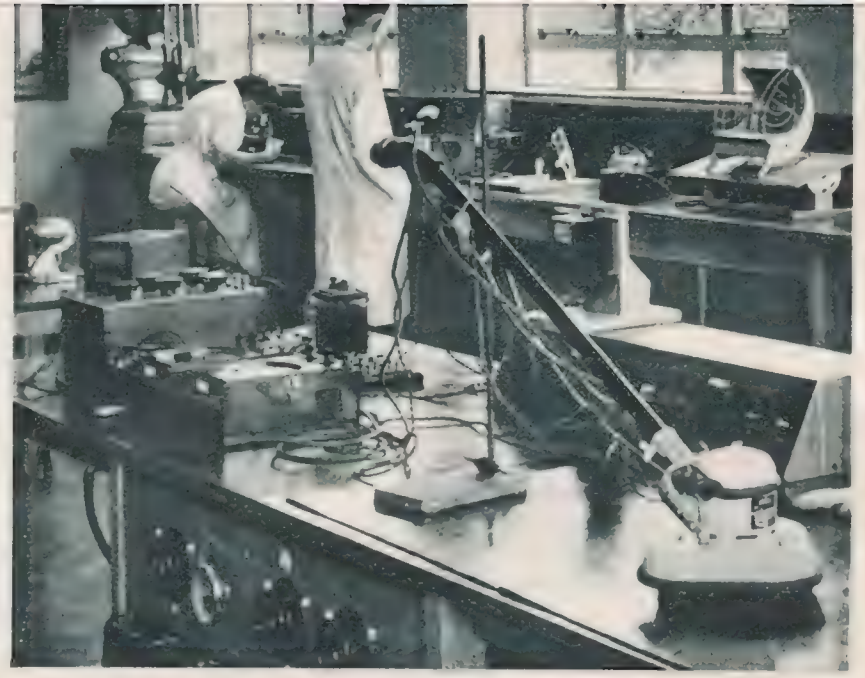
These reports refer only to the specific article which is written about, and not about the manufacturers' range of appliances as a whole.

Written inquiries are encouraged, and naturally the Consumer Advisory Council is as interested in your findings, as you are in theirs. A staunch ally of the Consumer Council is the Women's Advisory Committee which represents three million shoppers. A recent issue of *Shopper's Guide*, for instance, did a lucid report of synthetic detergents which exploded some old wives' tales and reduced to understandable language some of the hitherto unheard-of adjectives with which some of these detergents are publicised.

Yet another publication which offers unbiased advice is *Which?* This is published monthly by the Consumers'

Anyone can visit the Design Centre in London. Goods displayed here are approved by a panel of judges on workmanship and originality

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME
by Roger Smithells



More than ever today, manufacturers are working to raise the quality of their products. Appliances are being examined here at the British Electrical Development Association testing house at Leatherhead

Association, Ltd., 333 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Here again you can become an associate member. The payment of £1 entitles you to receive a year's supply of *Which?* Inquiries are welcomed and are answered by a panel of experts.

The British Good Housekeeping Institute requires no introduction, most homes have a cookery book or pamphlet of its on some household subject which everyone refers to from time to time. The Institute has been testing goods for about thirty-five years. Manufacturers are at liberty to send their products to this institute for testing. When the seal is awarded it is for the period of a year, which means that an annual check on the goods is automatic with the renewal of the seal. In addition to this the institute reserves the right to buy any appliance during the year and test it again, to make quite sure that the standard is being maintained.

Good Housekeeping welcomes users' inquiries and spares no energy in answering and advising those who write to it. Its address is Good Housekeeping Institute, 30 Grosvenor Gardens, London, W.1.

Painstaking tests

The Electrical Development Association is the official body representing the electricity boards. Painstaking tests are carried out by this association to make certain that the quality of electrical appliances, big and small, is of a high order.

At the E.D.A. testing house in Leatherhead, appliances are tested with extreme thoroughness.

These are the appliances which are sold in electricity service centres everywhere. This is one of the bodies which the average shopper is not as likely to be familiar with, but whose work still benefits the shopper to a large extent.

The Design Centre, 28 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, is rapidly gaining in popularity, and on the first page of this article you can see a photograph of the Prestcold D301 refrigerator which has won the 1959 Duke of Edinburgh's award for elegant design. This refrigerator was also included among the Designs of the Year selection, thus making it a double honour for its designer Mr. C. W. F. Longman, B.E.M., of the Pressed Steel Company, Oxford.

The Design Centre label, when attached to any piece of goods in a shop, shows that it carries the approval of the Design Centre. This is given subject to being approved by a panel of judges and is judged on originality and workmanship among other things. Readers living in London can visit the Design Centre for themselves and those living in other parts should look out for the label to guide them.

Apart from these organizations which test and report on all manner of items sold to us in shops, the manufacturers themselves take a great pride in testing their products for durability and good workmanship.

Accordingly, if you buy something and find out too late that the workmanship is not all that you hoped it might be, write to the manufacturers and let them know. A reliable one would prefer to know at once of any defect which has arisen in a company product.

This way it is possible for the goods to be returned for testing and if the fault happens to be a general one then it can be rectified. If, on the other hand, tests prove that your criticism was unjustified, you will at least have had the satisfaction of knowing that it was given a fair trial.

Throughout this article you will see photographs of tests being made, so that you can get some idea just how rigorous they are.

I feel that a large amount of the responsibility for the quality of goods in the shops lies with you, the shopper. If you refuse to buy shoddy goods, then eventually they will cease to be made. We are easily swayed by salesmanship in this country and are often not objective enough in our buying.

If for instance you are going to buy a washing machine, make up your mind before you go to the shop just how much money you can afford to pay, and whether you need a large one for the size of family you have to wash for. Decide what features you particularly want, an electric wringer, a space underneath the tub for storing the wringer, an attachment for boiling water. What colour do you want?

When you visit your showroom or shop, ask to see machines which fall into this category. By all means look at other models as well, you may see something which you had not heard about. Look for test marks or seals.

Ask yourself whether you are going to be able to get spare parts easily? Is it possible to get this machine serviced locally? If the machine is an inch wider than you had allowed for, is it really going to be worth having it, or is it going to make the kitchen look crammed? If you had decided to buy white, then don't be rashly swayed by a beautiful red-and-cream model which would look altogether different in your kitchen. Does it cost more than you can comfortably afford? Is it expensive to run? Ask for a demonstration. If you are in doubt, then go home and think it over, or discuss it with your family away from the persuasive influence of the salesman. If you are still in doubt, consult one of the organizations I have mentioned for further advice.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer

If we'd been newly-weds in Moscow

continued from page 8

centre of Moscow, in front of one of the better-looking blocks of flats. Alexei paid off the driver and told us not to speak so that nobody would recognize us as foreigners.

Then, in silence, we all trooped up the stairs.

Alexei's friend was waiting for us. He asked us into his little room, apologizing for its size. There was barely space enough for the six of us and the suitcase. The room was sparsely furnished with a bed, chair and the chest of drawers, but on the floor and the walls were some quite luxurious carpets.

We got the transaction settled quickly. The owner of the room produced an icon for us which looked quite nice.

"Its price is a hundred dollars." He seemed to reckon only in dollars.

We opened up our suitcase, and agreed on what he considered to be a hundred dollars' worth of shoes, nylon shirts and dresses.

They accepted everything we produced with great enthusiasm, except for a rather sensible, square, brown handbag that Anna was prepared to part with.

"No, not modern," they agreed, and put it firmly back in the suitcase.

"Modern," we discovered, was the key word. Modern was what they wanted to be—in dress, tastes and ideas. These young people were evidently members of what has been called "Moscow's Jet Set."

Gradually a picture emerged of what life is like for a young couple who belong to it.

"Do you like jazz?" asked Alexei's wife. "I have got records from America of Ella Fitzgerald, Duke Ellington; Count Basie and many others."

We mentioned that we had bought some very good Russian records that day of Tchaikovsky and Shostakovitch, and found them extremely cheap (7s. for an LP). But that aroused no interest.

"I listen to *Voice of America* almost every day," said the would-be journalist.

"You can't normally hear the news," added another, "because of the jamming. But reception is better for the programmes; the music is very good. I like best the rock 'n' roll. Have you met Elvis Presley?"

To their disappointment we had to confess that we had not.

"On Sunday evenings we often meet at a friend's house," Alexei told us, "and dance to jazz and rock 'n' roll records. He has a good collection brought from Britain."

"Are you, any of you, members of Komsomol, the official Communist youth organization?" I asked.

With a shrug, and a very sheepish grin, Alexei's wife said she was, but the rest roared with laughter.

"No, I am a free man," said Alexei.

We asked about Kruschev, and they all registered distaste or disapproval. "Not a big leader," said one. Yet even in the privacy of their room they were not very happy to talk politics, though Alexei agreed that things were much freer than they had been a few years' ago.

Marxism they evidently considered totally outdated and uninteresting. They did not believe a word that officialdom told them. But they struck us as being, like many young people in Britain, bored with politics.

We were intrigued to know from what sort of background these young rebels came. Anna asked each in turn what job their fathers did.

The Top People

The man with the icons, who was also a Moscow University student, was the son of a judge. In fact the judge and his wife, we discovered, were in the next room. Both the fathers of Alexei and his wife were dead; his had been a diplomat and hers the manager of four shops. The other student's father was a colonel in the Russian Army. They were all, in fact, from families very well placed in Soviet society. They were lively, amusing and irresponsible.

Whether their money came from black market activities or from their parents, they seemed to be comfortably off.

They insisted on taking us out to an excellent dinner, and happily slapped down hundreds of roubles to pay for the meal. Russian brandy flowed, and as the conversation roamed over every topic it became clear that years of indoctrination had produced in these young people exactly the opposite effect to that intended.

Their admiration for things Western was wholehearted and almost uncritical—solely, I suspected, because they had had the reverse drummed into them so often.

"But," said Alexei, "don't think that we should like to live in America or Britain. A visit, but no more. After all, we are Russians." And he made a ferocious face that was presumably supposed to indicate our idea of a Russian.

In fact, their black market activities seemed to be on a relatively small and amateur scale.

"There are some," the student with the icons told us, "who make enormous sums—the men who run prostitutes and bring in drugs from the ports.

"There are, too, big money operators in Moscow. They will pay three times the tourist rate in order to get dollars.

"The dollars used to buy forbidden goods from the West and are sold sometimes to those who wish to leave the country."

It seemed to us that when the flow of tourists to the Soviet Union really gets under way, as the Russians hope it will, Moscow could become a paradise for some of our smarter spivs and racketeers. THE END

Aunt Edith gave 'the very thing'

(THOUGH SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WANTED)

He'd wanted a camera for years. But he'd never told Aunt Edith. What she gave him for his birthday was a Midland Bank Gift Cheque. It was the first cheque he'd ever had, and was he proud of it! It was gay, it was attractive, it was a real cheque—a perfect present in itself. That's what's so wonderful about Midland Bank Gift Cheques. They're so easy both to buy and to cash. They can be bought from any branch of the Midland Bank and cost only 1/-, plus the amount you want to give. And those up to £10 can be cashed on sight at any branch.

Anyone can give—and cash—

MIDLAND BANK Gift Cheques

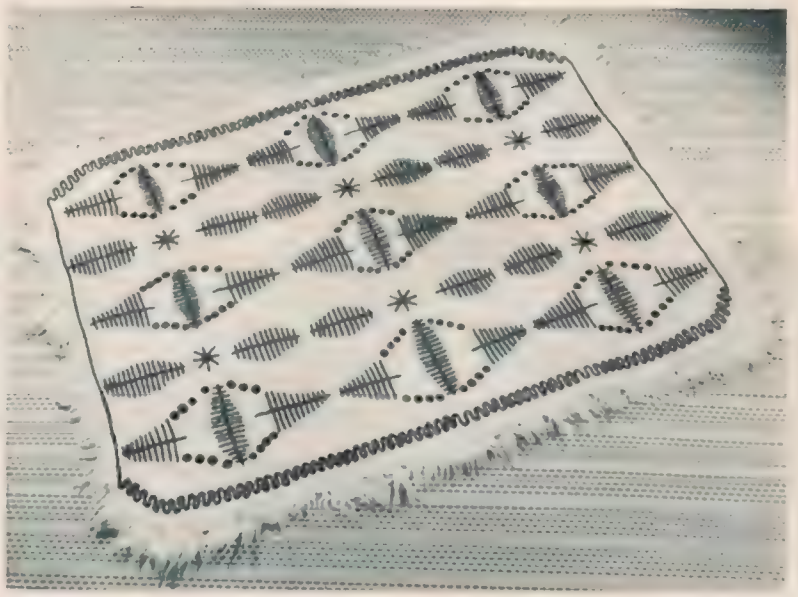
Also available: Gift Cheques for Weddings, Christmas and general purposes.

Soft underfoot

Here are some unusual rugs to suit all pockets and tastes says ROGER SMITHELLS

The rug above, made of viscose rayon and nylon, is only one of several novel shapes to choose from. It is tufted into a jute backing which is sprayed with latex to bond the tufts into place. The fish is red only, with black and yellow embroidery, and has a yellow fringe effect for tail and fins. Price: about 5 gns., by Rivington

Left: This all-wool "Glenmore" Axminster rug has a white background, with a design of plants and flowers on it, arranged in squares. The size is 27 in. by 51 in. It is made by A. F. Stoddard & Co., Ltd. The price is about 85s.



An Indian Numdah rug (above): this one, though made in Kashmir, was designed in London by Christopher Heal. Numdah rugs make ideal foot warmers, but their felt construction will not stand very hard wear. Price: 70s., from Heal & Son, Tottenham Court Road, W.1

This elegant fringed circular rug is an all-wool Wilton weave made by Carpet Trades of Kidderminster. The Adam-style design is available in three different colourings. The 4 ft. 4 in. size costs about £10 18s.

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Has Kramer smashed Wimbledon?

by ERNEST CHADWICK

Tennis's amateur diehards are fighting to keep him on the sidelines. But he holds one ace: the stars

Jack Kramer, Wimbledon champion in 1947, and said by critics to be the greatest player of all time, still plays—but now as a professional. His troupe of ex-champions draws huge crowds

ONE sultry afternoon in Brisbane last December, the doubles match in the Davis Cup final between Australia and America had reached a crucial stage. Richard Gonzales, the leading player in Jack Kramer's professional tennis troupe, whispered to the American players as they passed between games, advising them to serve to Neale Fraser, the left-handed Australian, with their net-man stationed directly in front of the server instead of in the usual position in the adjoining service court.

This unorthodox move caused the bewildered Fraser to miss so many returns of service that the Americans won easily.

In speeches at the end of the event, Alex Olmedo, one of the American players, complimented Gonzales on his tactical skill, and Perry T. Jones, the United States captain, thanked Kramer for allowing his professionals to practice, in between their engagements, with the American team.

To the officials of the Australian Lawn Tennis Association this eulogy of Kramer and his company was almost as bitter a shock as the loss of the Davis Cup.

The association, which believes that Jack Kramer and his professionals threaten the existence of amateur tennis as a public spectacle, is trying to get them banned from amateur courts throughout the tennis-playing world.

Kramer's professional troupe, which includes five postwar Wimbledon champions, is drawing more and more tennis fans away from amateur championships. Kramer's gross receipts in Australia in 1957 and 1958 were £267,000. In Melbourne this year, 40,000 people watched the professional matches, while the Australian amateur championships in January attracted only 15,000 fans.

At his few professional tournaments in Britain last year, Kramer's average "gate" was £1,003 a day, out of which he took sixty per cent. This year's tour is more ambitious. Kramer's top eight professionals will play in sixteen cities in Britain and Ireland.

Last year Kramer made a bid for Wimbledon, but said that, as he would risk £50,000 in staging a tournament there, he would want eighty per cent of the takings.

His hints, however, got a cold reception.

"It's a million to one against it happening, and it would only be over my dead body," said Basil Reay, secretary of the Lawn Tennis Association, which receives about £35,000, the greater part of its income, each year from Wimbledon.

Rules don't bar him

But Duncan Macaulay, secretary of the All-England club where the championships are staged, remarked that there was nothing in the rules to prevent Wimbledon running a professional tournament. "The effect of Kramer's professionals on amateur 'gates' is being closely watched by the club's championship management committee," hinted Herman David, the chairman.

Dan Maskell, the former Wimbledon coach who is now Britain's tennis training manager, thinks that within five years Wimbledon will be open to professional as well as amateur competitors. Other tennis experts believe that this will happen in two or three years and that only then will Wimbledon be able to claim that its tennis is still the best in the world.

Because of its unique social significance through royal patronage and tremendous popularity with the players and the public, Wimbledon seems certain to be the last amateur championship to be affected financially by Kramer's world-wide success. This year's championships, which were fortunate in having excellent weather, drew 10,000 more people than 1958's.

When he was rebuffed by Wimbledon officials last year Kramer said: "Eventually, they won't be able to pay enough to make it worth my while running a tournament there." This summer Kramer's professionals are making a grand tour of Europe, playing on a points basis. First prize should be worth more than £30,000, in addition to the players' usual wages and percentages of "gate" money.

Kramer, six-foot-tall son of a Californian railway foreman, turned professional after winning the Wimbledon title in 1947. According to some tennis officials, he has been draining the lifeblood from the amateur game ever since.

The standard of play of Kramer's professionals is incomparably higher than that to be seen at Wimbledon. Australians Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad and Ashley Cooper and the American Tony Trabert have won the Wimbledon title. Three others, Gonzales, of America, Francisco Segura, of Ecuador, and Ken Rosewall, of Australia, could probably win it easily if they were still amateurs. And Kramer himself still plays occasionally.

The current amateur star, Alex Olmedo, received an offer to join the troupe after winning this year's Wimbledon title.

Last summer Kramer was so certain of the appeal his players had for British fans that he asked for guarantees of only £350 a day. When his professionals played in the Slazenger tournament at Eastbourne last year, critics

continued from previous page

agreed that they played much better tennis than had been seen at Wimbledon.

"Kramer does not need to chase after the amateurs. They queue up to sign for him," says Pat Hughes, Kramer's European manager and a former British Davis Cup player. "Most of the professionals came from humble homes. They all have wives and children.

"You cannot blame them for wanting to cash in on their ability."

Most players who have turned professional have done very well. When Kramer became a promoter in 1952, he estimated that he had already made £100,000. Since then he has made many times that amount.

Lew Hoad, who won Wimbledon in 1956 and 1957, has earned nearly £100,000 in two years.

In December, when Kramer signed Ashley Cooper, then the Wimbledon title-holder, for a guarantee of £45,000 for three years, the promoter said that he expected Cooper to make about £90,000 in that period.

'Tremendous Payer'

Frank Sedgman, the 1952 Wimbledon champion, has put his money into a garage, tennis courts, a Melbourne gymnasium and a milk-shake straw factory. He is now a wealthy man. Five professionals, Sedgman, Pancho Gonzales, Pancho Segura, Ken Rosewall and Tony Trabert, jointly own a Melbourne hotel which helps them to ease their complicated international tax problems.

Jack Kramer, who has a wife and five sons in Los Angeles, understands his players' problems and usually solves them. Pat Hughes calls him a man of dynamic energy whose mind only works on business. "He is impulsively generous and a tremendous payer," he says.

A great believer in youth, Kramer coached the American junior Davis Cup squad without payment in 1954 and used his two estate cars to transport the young players round the tournaments.

In 1955, after writing an article alleging that he was paid large sums of money as an amateur player, Kramer was dismissed from his training post by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. He continued to lend one of his cars for the use of the youngsters.

"Kramer's interest in amateur tennis is occasioned by his need to keep replacing his professionals as they grow old or lose form," says a Wimbledon official.

This July, the International Lawn Tennis Federation met in Dublin. Officially, Kramer and his activities were not on the agenda, but a committee was set up "to discuss the rules governing amateurism."

The "open" tournament, which may be the answer to Kramer, is not a new idea. In 1947 Sir Louis Greig, chairman of the All-England club, advocated the holding of such an event successively in England, France, America and Australia. "Britain should give a lead as the game was born here. If we don't, the Americans will," he said.

But by the time the ponderous international federation moves in this direction, Kramer's grasp on world tennis may be unshakable. His first promotions in Britain last year were very successful.

A Sunderland tennis committee, which raises about £70 a year from their amateur tournament, made £700 from a one-night Kramer match at a Whitley Bay ice rink. The money was used to improve the club pavilion and to re-lay courts. Kramer's profit was £2,000; the ice rink's share was £600.

The Priory Club of Birmingham made nearly ten times as much money from the visit of Kramer's professionals as they did from their amateur tournament. They discussed abandoning the latter event.

Unlike the intractable Australians, the British Lawn Tennis Association allows clubs to put on Kramer's shows and takes a percentage of the gate. In return, Kramer has agreed not to allow his matches to clash with nearby association tournaments.

He dislikes TV

In fact, Kramer could hit international amateur associations much harder than he has done so far, by scheduling his matches immediately before Wimbledon and other major championships, and by allowing his professionals to be televised. Kramer objects to television. He believes it might ruin his "gates."

While Kramer plans ambitiously to increase his world professional "circuit" to twenty major tournaments, and possibly run extra troupes with players who are now Europe's leading amateurs, there is no solidarity among the amateur associations on how to cope with the situation.

Whatever the international federation decides to do and whatever the future of Wimbledon, Jack Kramer, whom many critics believe to have been the best player in the history of tennis, will play his tennis politics hard but fair, as he always played the game on the courts.

Kramer was at Wimbledon last year, again in search of new talent. It was typical of the weak position of the amateur tennis authorities that there were no official protests when Kramer was seen dining with Wimbledon's two favourites, Ashley Cooper and Malcolm Anderson, openly discussing professional terms with them.

For all his blustering about Wimbledon, Kramer knows its real value. When one of the world's leading Davis Cup players approached him last year with a view to turning professional, Kramer told him bluntly: "Practise hard, do well at Wimbledon and then come and see me again." THE END

THE SECRET DECISION THAT CHANGED THE WORLD

Now, more than ever before, Britain is torn by controversy over nuclear weapons. This is the problem of the present upon which our whole future depends. It is the talking point of the day.

But how did it all begin? The tremendous story of mankind's entry into the A-bomb age has never been told—until now. Next week John Bull : Everybody's Weekly begins publication of the startling history written by Michael Amrine, leading scientific author.

Amrine takes you step-by-step through the momentous events that led to the dropping of the first atom bomb. Vividly, dramatically, he describes the secret talks, the fantastic intrigues, the agonizing soul-searching, before President Truman gave orders for the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima—and began the atomic age in which we now live.

This is living, exciting history. You must read it.

BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES, *Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists*

When to put your foot down

THERE are three primary means of dealing with an emergency: braking, steering away from it and acceleration.

If the car you are driving has been well maintained, the first two methods are yours to use whenever necessary. But acceleration entirely depends on being in the proper gear at the critical moment of decision.

Should an emergency occur, and in answer to the question, "Could I accelerate out of this?" the answer is "No," then you are in the wrong gear.

Learn the drill

You can ensure being in the right gear at the right time by "planned driving." This is the only foundation on which the art of driving can be developed. It is a drill which should be learned thoroughly and practised until you reach the stage when you find yourself automatically using it whenever a hazard—that is any situation which might cause you to alter course—comes into view.

Assuming that you are going at a fairly fast speed and want to turn right, here is the routine for doing it with complete safety:

1. Choose the correct course, which in this case will be with your offside wheels near the centre of the road.

2. Bearing in mind the famous advice once given by a judge that "before making any manoeuvre with a motor car, first be sure that it is safe to do so," check the mirror and blind-spot.

3. Give a clear signal before taking up the course chosen. Do not keep your arm out for long; if you have to continue with the signal, supplement the hand signal with your trafficator.

4. Brake to the appropriate speed for changing into the correct gear for turning the corner.

5. Change into the correct gear.

By keeping to this simple routine — remember the letters C.M.S.B.G. for "course, mirror, signal, brakes, gear"—you will always arrive at a hazard on the correct part of the road in the right gear and at a safe speed. The only point now remaining is when to accelerate, and this is very important. If the road is dry and has a good braking surface, put your foot down reasonably firmly from the beginning of the turn.

But if the surface is wet, loose or greasy, and might lead to a skid, accelerate only gently when negotiating the turn, and firmly when you have straightened out.

One job at a time

Although some drivers avoid gear-changing as much as possible to economize on petrol, the amount saved is in fact very small, and is far outweighed by the added safety proper gear selection gives.

A further advantage of planned driving is that, having completed your signalling, braking and gear-changing *before* arriving at the hazard, you have only one job for your hands (turning the steering wheel) and one job for your feet (to accelerate or brake). Inevitably, this gives you greater control and security.

The C.M.S.B.G. drill can be used in almost every situation, including overtaking. If you will be needing a lower gear to overtake, be sure to change into it before accelerating, and keep both hands on the steering wheel while passing. Change up again only when the manoeuvre has been completed.

Of course, prior to overtaking—or to carrying out any manoeuvre with a car—always ask yourself: "Is it safe?" If the answer is a certain "Yes," do it decisively and briskly; if you have the slightest doubt, do not attempt it.

That you could have overtaken the large lorry in front, but didn't, doesn't matter. The vital thing is the safety of your family, yourself and other road-users.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.

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Smee's T.F. 97

We need a people's defender

continued from page 9

organization ready to take an interest. A good example is the Automobile Association, which has often taken up a whole batch of past convictions, going back perhaps ten years, suddenly shown by a High Court decision to have been wrong. The A.A. has obtained "free pardons" for all the victims—and their money back.

Last month a Lancashire man received a summons from the police alleging that he had driven carelessly on an arterial road. He hadn't the slightest recollection of the occasion, and there was nothing, therefore, that he could say to refute whatever the prosecution were going to say. Because he was a busy man he wrote to the court and admitted the offence, asking that it be dealt with in his absence.

Somewhere in the country, this happens every day. Does this kind of thing really further the "interests of justice"? A People's Defender would examine every such case before it came into court—and, if necessary, would provide the defence.

There is much uneasiness about confessions made to the police. The law has never liked confessions, especially when they are uncorroborated—and, above all, when they are made to a "person in authority." But they can't be ruled out altogether.

Not long ago a policeman discovered this to his cost. He was riding a motor cycle and had a nasty collision with another cyclist. Considerably more than if he had been a private individual, he was expected by his superiors to make a statement about the collision. The statement he made was in effect a confession that he was to blame. When the case got into court, his solicitor maintained that this statement was not allowable as evidence, because it was made to a person in authority and under implied compulsion. But the magistrates decided that it was allowable and the policeman was convicted and fined.

If a man insists that he has committed a crime, and he is not mad, and the crime has been committed by somebody, what is the law to do?

It could insist that in all serious cases (all judge-and-jury cases, for example) a statement made to the police by a prisoner or a suspect must be made in the presence of a solicitor; and the solicitor could be a member of a panel approved by the People's Defender. If that solicitor took away with him a copy of the statement properly sealed —or a tape recording taken at the same time—there would be less scope for pressure or persuasion on the person making the statement, and no scope at all for him to repudiate it in court.

Even in less serious cases it would be useful to have a People's Defender, or his nominee, to whom the police were bound to supply a copy of any defendant's statement. At present they can, and sometimes do, refuse, and the likelihood of their being more helpful depends to some extent on their relationship with the defending solicitor. If they refuse, it is useless to complain at the magistrates' court.

A London woman charged with running an unlicensed employment agency tried this the other day. She had made her statement to a local authority official, and wanted a copy of it. When this was refused, she went to the magistrates' clerk and sought his help.

"I'm sorry, it's nothing to do with me," he said.

It ought to be something to do with somebody; and it is a perfect example of the things looked after by the Swedish Commissioner for Justice—a job for the People's Defender.

It has never been anyone's job to watch for abuses of the *agent provocateur* method of getting evidence for a prosecution. It is true that one needs to keep a clear head about this question, which has rights and wrongs. We hate the *agent provocateur* most of all when he detects pettifogging offences. We hate him when, as a Shops Acts inspector, he persuades a grocer to sell him a packet of tea after closing time and then prosecutes him.

But recently, when there had been a series of violent attacks on women and girls on a lonely piece of common land in Essex at night, two young policewomen put on attractive dresses and strolled across the danger area, unescorted, at about the time when the assailant would be expected. He duly turned up, and one of the girls was severely injured—but they got their man. Both these brave girls were hailed as heroines: and surely they were. But they had created the opportunity for the offence, as much as the man who bought the packet of tea.

In between these two extremes there is wide scope for needless official provocation to breaches of the law; and it would be good to have some public watchdog with a status that would enable him to intervene in court and challenge this type of evidence—which is really "turning Queen's evidence" under another name. It's a kind of evidence we are so ashamed of, it seems, that we have never been able to bring ourselves to give it an English name.

The establishment of a People's Defender (or whatever we might decide to call him) is a thing to work for. I should think it will take a long time, because the worst kind of recommendation for any system that is new to Englishmen is to show them that foreigners have been operating it successfully for 150 years. THE END

"Please could I have my ball back?"

The wildest game

continued from page 15

of the baby from the pit to the transport cage.

The mahout took us right up to the edge of the pit as there was no longer any need for caution. The baby was a splendid little fellow weighing about a ton. He was splashing around in four feet of water and seemed completely unhurt. While we were admiring him, there was a sudden snort from the ekkra. The mother rhino burst out and came straight for us, her mouth open, her tail straight in the air, scattering mud in all directions as she charged.

Jess Pagli gave a scream of terror and bolted. She reached a broad waterway. Without hesitating, she plunged into it. As she fell away from beneath me, I was left sitting on air. I turned over and dived, the camera in my hand. My only idea was to swim far enough underwater to escape from the rhino.

I swam until my lungs were bursting and then surfaced. Jess Pagli had finally halted in midstream. There was no sign of the rhino. Mercia was screaming at me, "Don't get that camera wet! It's worth twenty thousand francs."

No one was hurt except poor Jess Pagli, who had gashes in her flank.

Mohan arrived with the transport cage and I told the natives to dig an incline down towards the head of the pit, but to leave a solid wall of earth about a foot thick between the pit and the incline. The cage was pushed down this incline, the doors opened, and the dirt wall dug away. Ropes were thrown around the young rhino and he was hauled into the cage and the door secured behind him. Then Mohan dragged him to the corral I had built.

The baby's eyes were full of mud and a mild infection had set in. I washed the eyes with boric acid and treated two small cuts in his legs before turning him loose in the corral.

The baby was a male with a little bud of a horn just showing. Everything depended on getting him tame, for an animal as large and powerful as a rhino is extremely hard to handle unless he knows that you won't hurt him.

Within a week, the little fellow was so tame that he'd run to us like a big dog to be petted and fondled. Mercia could even ride on his back. He actually got to be a nuisance, following us about and poking us to get attention. Mercia named him Gadhahar, after an ancient Assamese king.

We caught three other males before we got a female.

"Naturally, because all males are damned stupid," Mercia remarked.

Quickly tamed her

We finally got a female two days before the rains broke. She tamed even more quickly than Gadhahar had. We named her Jyomothi after an Assamese queen. The two rhinos got along very well together and took their baths lying side by side in the *bheel* I'd made for them at one end of the corral.

Now we were ready to start the long trip to Europe. I had hoped to fly them by chartered plane to Calcutta, but no plane was available. My next choice was rail but that would mean sending them through East Pakistan, and at that time the railroad lines were closed between India and Pakistan due to the riots. There was only one way left: to float them by flatboat down the Brahmaputra River. This meant a three weeks' trip and exposing our babies to all the dangers of rapids, sudden floods and uncertain native boats.

To add to our troubles, the shipping had to be accurately timed. Not every ship that puts into Calcutta is going to Europe or will accept animal freight. I spent several days cabling shipping lines until I found that the Dutch merchant Alcione was arriving in Calcutta and would take us and the rhinos.

The Alcione would only be in the harbour for eight hours so I had to float the rhinos down the river, arrive during that eight-hour period and load them directly on to the ship without delay.

I found Mercia exhausted. The whole responsibility of caring for the rhinos and making preparations for our departure had been left to her. However, she'd done well as she always did. She had got a paddle-wheel steamer to tow our flatboat down the river, a lorry to transport the rhino cages to the flatboat, coolies to help with the loading and unloading, and laid in a supply of food for the rhinos. If everything went right, we had just time to load the rhinos and reach Calcutta before the Alcione sailed.

There was no trouble getting the rhinos into the shipping boxes. We had been feeding the rhinos inside the cages for weeks, so they regarded the cages with affection and were quite content to ride in them. With the rhinos inside, chewing happily on bamboo shoots, we had the cages lifted on to the lorry. I was constantly glancing at my watch for time was important. A delay of even a few hours could mean that we'd miss the Alcione.

Soon a large crowd collected. It was market day and people had drifted into the area from all the outlying towns. When they found that there were two rhinos in the lorry, a whisper of excitement went through the mob.

"He has rhinos!" "Do they have horns?" "Of course, you fool; otherwise, why should he bother with them?" "A piece of those horns would make me a rich man for life!" "Why is this white man stealing our rhinos? We are now a free nation!" "Cut off the horns! The rhinos belong to us! We are no longer slaves to white men."

Mercia said to me quietly, "Get the lorry going at once. This means trouble."

A man pushed his way through the crowd with a long knife in his hand. His eyes were fastened on the rhino cages with a fixed, unblinking stare and saliva ran from his partly opened mouth. I grabbed his wrist. The man ignored me, still pushing on towards the cages. The crowd began to shout and push forward.

I wrestled with the man and police came to my help, swinging their clubs. The mob was screaming, "Colonialist oppressor! Capitalist exploiter! Cut off the horns!"

One of the policeman panted, "Let them have the horns. We can't hold them any longer."

Trampled by crowd

The horns were only tiny stumps and if they were gouged out, the baby rhinos might die. One of the policemen went down and was trampled by the screaming crowd.

The lorry began to move. Mercia had jumped into the driver's seat and started the engine. I pulled myself up on the side as it lurched forward, the mob pursuing us, throwing stones and screaming insults until we were out of range.

We went directly to the ghat at

THUMBTHING by Stowell

"The coal's come!"

Gauhati. I was in constant fear that the mob would follow us but they must have given it up as a bad job. At last the two cages were loaded on the flat and the paddle-wheel steamer began to move down the river, towing the flat astern. We were on our way down a thousand miles of treacherous river to Calcutta.

We tied up that evening along the bank; the river is too full of sandbanks, shoals and unexpected currents to navigate at night. There were a number of farmers saying their evening prayers on the bank and they called out to ask what we had in the cages. Before we could stop them, the crew proudly shouted back that we had rhinos and instantly there was wild excitement on the shore.

"Now we're in for it," said our captain gloomily. "We'll have every native in the district here before midnight."

He was right. Men and women began pouring in from all directions, some of them, we afterwards learned, from villages fifty miles away. They were a well-mannered, polite lot and the captain rigged a gangplank and let them come aboard the flat to see the rhino.

Subrati did a land-office business selling rhino urine which is considered a panacea for all illnesses.

We opened the front of the cages so the people could at least touch the animals which in itself is thought to bring great good luck. Then Mercia had an idea.

"Look at all that fine, rich grass along the bank," she pointed out. "Wouldn't our rhinos just love that! Let's say that everyone who wants to touch the rhinos has to bring an armful of grass."

IGNORANCE—I

One of the best and fastest ways of acquiring knowledge is to insist on remaining ignorant about things that are not worth knowing.

Sydney Harris

It seemed like a good idea and we had the captain announce that an armful of grass was the admission price.

Subrati stood by the cages collecting the grass while Mercia and I went to bed. We'd both had a long day and were dead tired.

I was awakened by the sound of running feet, chains rattling, shouts, and the shrill squeaks of the rhinos. Then I heard Subrati yelling for help. I grabbed a half-empty whisky bottle from the table by my bed and ran out. The ship was a madhouse. It was alive with people climbing over the cabin, over the cages, hanging from the anchor cable and crowding the gangplank.

I ran for the flat. As I went I heard the crash of broken glass as the rioters smashed the cabin windows. The rhinos were terrified, screaming like pigs. My first thought was for them. I jumped on the flat and managed to drop the cage doors. As the doors thumped into position, I heard Subrati yell again. He was only a few feet from me, on his back and covered with fighting natives.

I drove into the press, laying around me with the whisky bottle, which broke on the first blow.

Suddenly the whole flat was brilliantly illuminated. The captain had turned the boat's headlight on it. The light seemed to frighten the natives, for they flung themselves overboard and began swimming ashore. Subrati staggered to his feet, his face streaming blood. He gasped, "Sahib, don't worry. The rhinos are all right."

"What happened?" I panted.

"So many people were coming that the captain tried to raise the gangplank. He was afraid the ship would be swamped. These people had collected their grass and were furious so they attacked the ship. But they meant no harm to the babies."

I heard the dull blows of an axe. The captain was cutting the cable. At once the ship began to move downstream, for the current was strong here. The natives still on the ship hurled themselves over the side in a blind panic. In a moment the water was full of their long, white dhotis and the crowd on the bank waded into the river to help their friends. I could hear the captain bellowing to get up steam in the engines.

I climbed back on the ship. The captain came aft, swearing.

Fear of slavery

"This is the last time I take rhinos. I knew I never should have agreed to such a crazy idea. Every window on the ship is broken, we've lost the anchor and I don't know what other damage's been done."

"It's lucky the people all dived overboard as soon as the ship began to move," I said. "If the crowd had stayed on board they could have easily overpowered us."

The captain grinned. "They thought we were carrying them off to slavery and the rhinos were a lure to get them on board. I heard them shouting to each other that the whole business was a trick. It is said that not so long ago there were slavers on the river and the people still remember them."

Fortunately the ship had a spare anchor and after that we anchored in midstream at night.

For the next three weeks we drifted down the mighty Brahmaputra, one of the greatest rivers in the world. Then we came to the big delta at the mouth of the Brahmaputra where the river joins with the even mightier Ganges. The captain told me we were only a day's trip from Calcutta "if Allah wills." It was high time, too. According to my calculations, the Alcione would arrive the next morning. We had cut it very fine indeed.

After much pleading and a slight additional payment, the captain agreed to go on at night.

We reached Calcutta shortly after dawn; there was the Alcione riding at anchor. We went alongside and the rhino cages were swayed aboard.

The voyage to Europe was uneventful. The news of the rhinos' arrival had been radioed ahead and when the ship docked at Genoa, the pier was black with crowds. Reporters, photographers, newsreel cameramen, radio men, representatives from the zoo, and sightseers swarmed aboard. Mercia was paralysed with astonishment. She kept saying over and over, "Have they all come just to see our rhinos? Why, rhinos are only animals. What do these people want?"

Mercia with her stunning exotic

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The wildest game

continued from previous page

beauty made even a greater hit than the rhinos. She was photographed with the babies, photographed with me, photographed sitting on the ship's rail, photographed looking at Europe for the first time, and photographed in virtually every change of clothes she possessed.

My wife was dumbfounded by all the attention. Used to being ignored or snubbed by the English she had met, she could not understand why no one cared that she was a Eurasian. She was still in a trance when we loaded the rhinos on a railway luggage car and left for Basle.

On arrival in Basle I was confronted by a battery of microphones. I couldn't think of a word to say, although Basle is my home and the crowd was full of familiar, smiling faces. I stood stammering and sick with embarrassment.

IGNORANCE—2

Nothing is more terrible than ignorance in action.

Goethe

Someone pushed me aside. It was Mercia, radiantly lovely and smiling. She had changed into an Indian sari and she looked marvellous. She greeted Dr. Hediger and then, being asked to say a few words, spoke for ten minutes, making jokes, describing our adventures, and saying how she'd looked forward to seeing Switzerland which was even more beautiful than she'd imagined. The crowd loved her. Meanwhile, I stood in the background, scraping the side of the platform with my shoe and wondering how the rhinos were.

Dr. Hediger had insisted that the zoo be cleared during the unloading of the rhinos as he was afraid a crowd might bother them, but the rhinos refused to come out.

"I'll get them out," I said. I went into the house that connected with the pen and gave a special whistle that the rhinos had learned to know. At once there were excited squeaks and my two animals rushed into the pen.

I went to our hotel and found Mercia in our room, prancing with excitement. "We're asked to a big dinner to meet a lot of prominent people," she exclaimed. "Everyone is delighted with me. They don't seem to care what I am. Hurry and get dressed. We haven't much time."

"I'm not going," I said heavily.

She stared at me. "Why not?"

"Mercia, I called the babies to get them into the pen. They ran out looking for me and I had to leave them there. We'll never see Gadhahar and Jomyothi again," and I began to cry.

Mercia sat staring at me. Then she said slowly: "I think you must be mad. After all, they're only animals."

She watched me for a while. Then she got up and started dressing.

"I've waited all my life to go to a big party and be received by Europeans," she said levelly. "This is my chance. I'm not going to give it up for you and those stinking rhinos. Are you coming?"

I couldn't. I couldn't talk to people tonight with the babies locked up in the Basle Zoo, all alone and frightened. I shook my head.

"Then I'm going alone," said Mercia. I heard her high-heeled shoes tapping off down the corridor.

I swore over and over that I'd never again make a pet out of an animal but of course I broke my word. I'm still breaking it.

© *Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: How we caught a charging elephant herd

The night of Wenceslas

continued from page 20

parallel Thunovska, the watchers would be waiting, too.

It seemed a hell of a long time before I heard the sound I was expecting. Then the milk cart came trundling round from behind St. Mikulase, a blob of blue and white in the mist. The milkman went off clanking across the square to serve the far side. Each time he returned to the horse he roared something that sounded like *"Whuyill! Whuyill!"* in response to which the horse slopped forward a few yards and stopped again.

I withdrew again into the doorway to practise a few silent *whuyills* to myself. The milkman was working round from the right; the Thunovska was on my left. I watched him for ten minutes until the cart had drawn level with my corner, and then stepped out from the doorway, gesticulating confidentially

The milkman looked at me. I beckoned frantically. Head forward in inquiry, he walked over with his empty basket. "What is it, comrade?"

He was sweating slightly; a smell of horses; an open, country face; a deep bass voice. I whispered: "In here a minute."

He followed me wonderingly into the doorway. "What's the trouble, comrade? What is it?"

"You go to the British Embassy?"

"*Yoh yoh*, the embassy. Why do you want to know?"

"It's this," I said. "Look at this."

Just at the last moment it was painfully hard to do it, the big sweating face so innocent.

"A hammer, comrade—what of it?"

I hit him on the head with it, hard. He looked at me with eyes wide open in mystified inquiry and puffed and fell down. I unbuttoned his overall, shaking with panic, and tore it getting it off him and on to me.

I put on his peaked cap, picked up the wire basket and walked out of the doorway, out of the street, out into the Malostranske.

I felt as if I were walking out to my execution. I was trembling violently in every limb.

The horse, which had not turned its head away since the milkman had walked over, regarded me curiously. I said, *"Whuyill!"* It came out in a strangled bleat. The horse merely stared. "Oh, damn and blast you bloody well whuyill," I urged it, putting out my hand to pat the large, dangerous head.

The horse bit me. It was not a sharp bite, more in the nature of a nip by a pair of nutcrackers, but painful. I stepped back and swore softly in its ear. I felt myself under acute observation from the Thunovska. I went back to the cart and filled the basket with milk and cartons of sour cream, and turned blindly to walk to my goal. I seemed to be walking for about two hours, on cotton wool, with my legs turned all to jelly.

There were just two of them, one at each corner, buttoned-up and pinched in the grey mist. I said, *"Dobry den,"* gruffly, peaked cap slanted over my eyes.

"Dobry den."

"More rain again, I shouldn't wonder."

"Shouldn't wonder."

I was past. Unbelievably, I was past! I walked up the Thunovska with my legs nearly collapsing under me. I turned in at the embassy opening. The Union Jack, limp in the

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damp grey morning . . . a courtyard . . . steps . . . .

There were big double doors, ornamental knockers, a bell push. I pressed it and heard the mad jangling inside somewhere.

"You! Milkman! What are you doing?"

I turned. One of the buttoned-up men was standing at the entrance to the courtyard. My throat seemed to seize up. I opened my mouth speechlessly.

"Leave your milk and come away."

I said: "They told me—they told me to call."

"Put it down and leave."

"They want cream. The housekeeper said to call with it. There's a reception."

He regarded me sourly. He seemed nonplussed. He did not venture into the courtyard, but remained there watching me.

I turned and grasped the knockers and began slamming furiously. The noise echoed thunderously in the courtyard. A commotion began in the street. A yell. The milkman. Another yell, another voice, shouting. Steps running.

The S.N.B. man watching me turned away, exchanged a few sharp words and called: "Hi! You! Come here. Come here at once!" He had taken something out of his pocket. A pistol.

There was no cover on the doorstep; nothing at all but the stone pediment, the big immovable doors. I was so completely terrorized that all processes of thought seemed at that moment to stop. I remember that I bent and took a bottle of milk out of the basket. I don't know what I intended to do with this bottle—throw it at him, perhaps, defend myself in some way.

They were both coming towards me across the courtyard but they were still several yards from the steps when one of the doors opened. I fell into the shadowy darkness, bumping into and knocking over the aged, black-clad crone who had opened it; not stopping, indeed, till one foot encountered a bucket of warm water and the other a bar of soap and my ill-used backside came to rest, jarred, numb but indubitably secure, twenty-five feet inside British territory. The bottle of milk, quite undamaged, was still in my hand.

RODDINGHEAD was tall, pale and with a bulging, childlike forehead and small reptilian eyes. He took no pains to hide the fact that I had been causing him much trouble. I felt able to bear this. I was in bed in a small room in the embassy. I had had two lots of sedative and two lots of sleep.

He said curtly: "It's that bit of paper. I've just had another cable from London telling me to get weaving. I'll have to know a lot more about it."

"I'm afraid I've told you all I know."

"Try closing your eyes again. See it clearly. What's on the top?"

"The thing about Aldermaston. Banshee and Third Stage, I think."

"Right. Now the bottom."

"I'm sorry. I really didn't look at it."

"Well, have a look at it now."

I gritted my teeth. It was the fourth time we had been through this. "I'm afraid I can't remember."

He made a savage note in his book. "All right. Now this old nanny, Hana Simkova. You say you're absolutely certain you never mentioned her to the girl?"

"I'm positive I didn't."

"So you reckon she must have got it from this fellow Cunliffe you were telling me about?"

"Yes."

"Who got it from whoever was watching you?"

"Well, he must have. I never told him myself."

"Right. Who else knew this nanny?"

"That's very hard to say. I've been thinking about it. There's her brother, of course—the Mr. Nimek I told you about."

"Yes, yes. They've taken him in for a going-over. . . . I'm glad you're amused by all this," he said malevolently. "I can assure you nobody else is."

"I'm sorry," I said, trying hard to control my delight at this marvellous thing that was happening to the Little Swine. "Both my mother and Mr. Gabriel have quite a large circle of emigré friends in England with whom they correspond frequently. Quite a lot of people could have known about her."

"I'd like a list of the names of these friends, if you can manage to remember them."

"I'll try."

"The point being, of course, that we want to find out who was watching you."

"I'd like to find that out myself."

He gave me another malevolent look. "Not that anyone could care terribly about you. The idea is to pick up all the network."

"I'll try and think what names I've heard mentioned."

"Now then, this man Pavelka, who runs the glass firm. . . ."

IT was my fourth interrogation. There were many more in the ten weeks I stayed at the British Embassy in Prague. I was confined to a small room. I received no letters and could write none. I listened to the wireless for hours on end. But it was better than running up and down alleys.

Sometimes I thought of my future, such as it was. That it would not be spent with Pavelka was one thing at least that I had gathered from Roddinghead. Pavelka had not paid for my trips. He hadn't any money. He lived in a single room in Bayswater and, like myself, had been a dupe.

After the third or fourth weeks, the interrogations tailed off. I saw Roddinghead less frequently, but his manner towards me ripened slightly and he dropped things from time to time.

"What about Nimek?" I asked once.

"Nimek?"

"The one I told you about who ran the little glass firm I used to work for. The brother of my old nanny."

"Oh, him. He's a funny fellow, Nimek. He still writes to his sister, you know."

"Still writes to Baba? But she's dead."

"Yes. So you said. Maybe nobody told him. Come to that," he said, opening the door, "maybe nobody told her, either. She was looking remarkably lifelike last week. We sent somebody round to see her."

I stared at the door as it closed behind him, thunderstruck.

The sting-in-the-tail rapidly became his speciality after that. Perhaps his job bored him. I remember wondering in a bemused sort of way why I had been involved in the operation at all and I said to Roddinghead: "It was surely a bit of a Heath-Robinson way of passing secrets. Couldn't they have put it through the diplomatic bag?"

"I don't know, old cock. Maybe it had to be a very independent operation. There's still quite a bit of it going on."

"Was Cunliffe a regular spy?"

"As I understand, Cunliffe wasn't his only name, you won't be surprised to hear. He was on the list of emigrés you gave me."

"What name?"

"CAN'T remember offhand. But he had quite a nice lot of addresses, too, one in Ireland. He'd lived there apparently for a long time once—had a wife and daughter with him there."

"Whereabouts in Ireland?"

"I've forgotten. We've nobbled the daughter, too. You'll really have to take up another profession. You don't get much of a run these days."

I didn't listen to the wireless that afternoon. I felt sad and sick. The last piece of the jig-saw had fallen into place. I saw exactly how it must have happened.

The leaves fell in the embassy gardens. It was autumn. Then one day after breakfast, Roddinghead came in, read me the Official Secrets Act, and got me to sign the paper.

"You're going home, cock," he said amiably.

"Home! When?"

"Today. They're sending a plane in from Germany for you. Cunliffe and his daughter are flying off from the other side."

It seemed that an exchange had been arranged; that Cunliffe's plane would fly east as mine flew west, both aircraft leaving together.

"Sorry I couldn't give you a little more warning that it was coming off," Roddinghead went on. "Still, you didn't bring much luggage, did you? Just the single bottle of milk, as I recall."

"You mean I'll be free?"

"Within limits. The limits being as defined in the paper you've just signed. You're bloody lucky. You could have got a few years for what you've been up to. Evidently nothing is to be said about it. By you or anyone else. No

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YOUR NAME.....
(Block letters, please)
YOUR ADDRESS.....
.....
YOUR FRIEND'S NAME.....
and ADDRESS.....
.....

The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

heroic little dining-out stories. No sensational adventures in the newspapers. And I'm bound to point out that the Act means exactly what it says on that point. You so much as whisper a word to anyone, with or without *mens rea*—i.e. guilty intent—and you'll find yourself inside. Okay?"

I said: "Okay."

I left before lunch. An embassy car drove me to the airport, Roddinghead sitting beside me in the back. We waited in the car until the plane landed, and then drove out to where it stood on the apron. There were several buttoned-up characters standing around as I walked up the aircraft steps.

The plane took off almost immediately. Four hours later I was in London.

WHEN you have imagined a homecoming for so long and in circumstances so diverse and apparently hopeless, the real thing tends to be something of an anticlimax. I got off the Tube at Gloucester Road and walked slowly to Fitzwater Square in a mood of profound melancholy.

From the airport a car had taken me to an office in Queen Anne's Gate where I had signed an undertaking to repay all moneys that had been laid out on my account. These appeared to have been for ten weeks' rent at Mrs. Nolan's, and seven weeks' lock-up at Ratface's. As the man said, this had been necessary to forestall inquiries.

As I came to number seventy-four, I got out my latchkey—miraculously retained through all my changes of clothing—and opened the door. The wireless was on in Mrs. Nolan's lair. I didn't think I could bear to face her. I closed the door quietly behind me and walked slowly up the stairs.

I went down to Bournemouth next morning, having claimed my car from Ratface Rickett. It was a new and refined version of the Ratface I had known, a most mannerly little fellow, who gave me a kindly salutation and actually shoved in four gallons without cash or cavil before waving me off.

Uncle Imre was examining a sheet of stamps when I went into his room. The glass fell out of his eye and his mouth dropped open with shock.

"Nicolas! Nicolas, my boy! Oh, thank God! It is wonderful to see you."

"Hallo, Uncle. How've you been?"

"Your mother has been worrying dreadfully. I just haven't known what to tell her. Have you been to see her yet?"

"I've just arrived. I thought I'd better see you first. How is she?"

"Let me look at you, my boy." He stood up, shaking a bit. "Since the man from the Foreign Office came, her head has been full of nothing else. She is a remarkable woman, your mother, when she gets a single idea in her head."

I SMILED back with exasperated affection. Some people have a permanent claim on one's affections, whatever they do, however they behave.

"She asked him," he said, "she asked him how long you would be in Prague. I didn't know where to put myself."

"What did he say?"

"He was astounded. He asked why she should think you were in Prague. So of course—you know your mother—she told him. She told him you had gone to start up the family business again. She told him your entire history from a baby. . . . But tell me what's been happening to you."

I had meant to do this. I had meant to tell him each single and minute detail of it, the beatings-up, the running up and down alleys, the constant terror; the whole of the three awful months. I had been thinking about it as I parked the car and walked into the hotel and up to his room. I had been thinking of the expression on his face when he knew that I knew. I had thought of it a lot since that afternoon on the third floor of the embassy in Prague.

But now that it came to the point I couldn't do it. I said instead: "Why did you do it, Uncle?"

"What, Nicolas? What do you mean?"

"Why did you spy on me for this man Cunliffe? Why did you send me out there?"

He breathed heavily. He leaned forward. "I should like you to understand, Nicolas," he said, and cleared his throat, breathing noisily—"I should like you to understand, my boy, that all was intended for the best. I love you. You are like my own son to me."

"Why did you?"

"Why did I? It's a bad thing? It's not better than working for Nimek?"

I opened my mouth, but he held out his hand, breathing loudly. "Sometimes, Nicolas, it is necessary to give a little push. I wasn't happy at your progress with Nimek. I could see there would be nothing with him."

I goggled at him. "Do you know why I went out there? Do you mean to say you've got no idea what I was supposed to do?"

"I didn't ask. It was enough that you were working for Mr. Pavelka."

He told me about it then. How Cunliffe had written to him saying he was looking for a smart young man to be an assistant to one of his clients. How he had gone up to see him and learned the client was Pavelka.

"Pavelka! You wouldn't have remembered Pavelka from the olden days. He was a big man, colossal. It would have been your father's dearest wish that Mr. Pavelka would take an interest in you."

Cunliffe had told him the job was confidential; that Pavelka had grown a little eccentric and wished to investigate my capabilities in his own way, and that I must know nothing about it. So Imre had told Cunliffe everything about me; about my expectations from Bela; about how I worked and how I lived; that I earned very little and spent that little on the car. . . .

I said: "Did you know he was going to make up the story about Uncle Bela dying?"

He looked at the floor, breathing noisily. He said: "That I couldn't understand. I tell you frankly, Nicolas, I was uneasy. But he told me Mr. Pavelka positively insisted. He said he wanted to see how you would react to the news. Pavelka, to me, is a colossus. If I understood how his mind works maybe I would be as successful as Pavelka."

"Haven't you met him?"

"Only once, in Prague, years ago."

"You didn't meet him here in London?"

"No, no," he said smiling. "Pavelka isn't interested in me. Pavelka is still a very big man. I thought I was acting for the best for you, Nicolas. Tell me if you think I did wrong."

"I don't know, Uncle," I said, gazing helplessly at the old booby. "What made you tell him Baba was dead? Why did you tell *me* she was dead?"

"He started asking me if you knew anyone in Prague, if anyone was there still. Oh, this was later, after I'd had time to think about it. He asked me if you'd had a nanny or a governess who might still be there. Of course I remembered Hana. I didn't want any trouble for you or for her. I told him she was dead. He asked if she'd been married, if you knew her husband. I said you wouldn't remember him. . . .

"Of course, when your mother gave you the letter to Hana, I had to tell you the same thing. But I was already very nervous. I couldn't understand this business. I was beginning to wonder what they wanted you to do. And I began to wonder if Pavelka was really involved. It really was for Pavelka?"

"Not really. He was fooled, too."

"That man fooled Pavelka also?" he said, and sat nodding his head for a bit, comforted in a melancholy sort of way. "He gave me fifty pounds. He said it was an introduction fee if you proved suitable for the job. I spent it. I couldn't give it back again. We would have had to move out of here if he had wanted it back again."

There wasn't anything to be said to this, and a rather miserable silence fell.

After a moment he burst out: "Nicolas, understand! For myself, I would sooner beg in the gutter. It is your dear mother I think about. She has no idea what things cost. She thinks her annuity covers everything."

I said: "This man you went to see in London. What do you call him?"

"Vogler. It wasn't Vogler you saw?"

WEARILY I said that I supposed it was. Vogler; and Vogler was on the list of half-remembered emigré names I had handed to Roddinghead.

I said: "He had an office in Francis Street and a secretary with glasses and her hair parted in the middle."

"Yoh, yoh. That is Anna, his daughter."

Bunface. Miss Vogler. Cunliffe's daughter. I had rumbled that one, too, that afternoon when Roddinghead had told me about it. It was nice to get it confirmed.

Imre sighed presently. "So one door closes, another opens. It isn't the end of the world. At least you can go to Canada with a clear mind. And you've got to admit the prospects with Bela are magnificent."

"Yes. If he'll do anything for me," I said, returning to the familiar lunacy.

He was looking at me in an odd sort of way. "If he'll do anything for you? You mean you don't know?"

"What about?"

He was gazing at me in astonishment. "About Bela," he said.

Typically, he'd left it to the last. Bela had written. He had written saying specifically that I was his heir. He had written to say that he had sent me a one-way ticket. He wanted me in the business right away.

I left Bournemouth just after six o'clock. It was a quarter to nine when I drew up outside Mrs. Nolan's. I went up the three flights and switched the light on. The letters received while I was away were lying on the plush tablecloth. I had glanced through them and chucked them there the previous night. I went through them again.

It was there, of course; a franked envelope I had mistaken for a circular.

My dear Nicolas,

Excuse the short note. I am busy and not well. Do not tell this to your mother. I have been thinking for some time to make a trip to England and to get an idea of you. This is not possible. I have a slight paralysis of the right side. I repeat, do not tell this to your mother. I want you, Nicolas, to come out to see me right away. I enclose you your ticket. You will understand me.

Your loving uncle,
Bela.

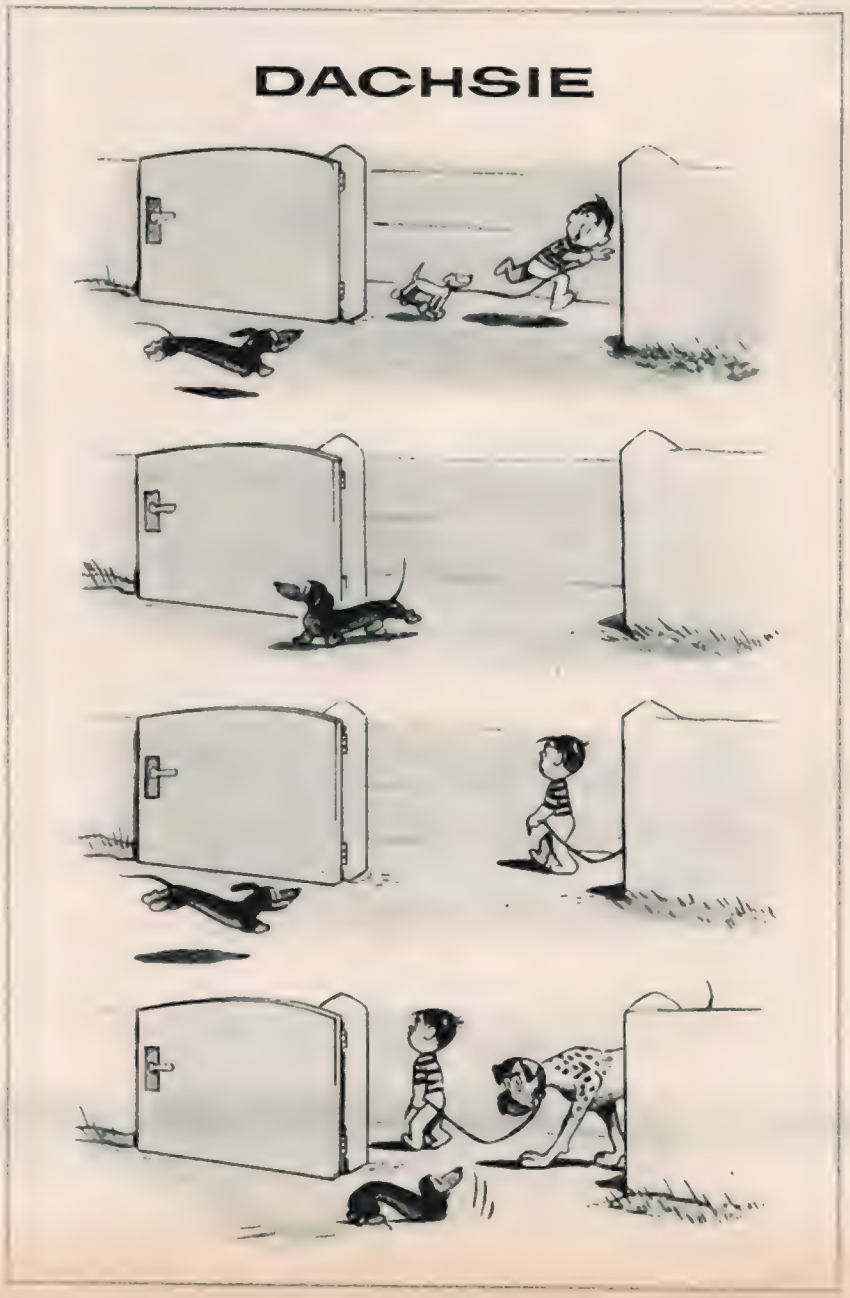
It was dated August 23, five weeks ago. The ticket was inside.

Quietly, I went out of the house again and drove round to see Maura. She had been washing her hair. It

IGNORANCE—3

The pleasures of ignorance are as great in their way, as the pleasures of knowledge.

Aldous Huxley



"Do stop grumbling Henry. It's not often I ask you to do anything . . ."

was damply gleaming and pleasantly scented. She seemed so small and finely drawn, after some I had known, that I wanted nothing so much as simply to gaze at her.

After a time we were sitting on the floor in front of the gas fire, holding hands. And she said: "Oh, Nicolas, if only I'd known. If only you could have given me some hint."

"I couldn't. I shouldn't be telling you about it now. They could still put me in prison."

"And you only guessed when this man asked about your nanny?"

I nodded. Some slight amendments had been needed to the official version. Vlasta had undergone a change of sex. "Yes. I knew I had never mentioned Baba. And later on, of course, when I heard that Baba was not in fact dead, I realized where the information must have come from. It could only have come from Imre, because he was the only person who said Baba was dead."

She was silent for a long time. I withdrew one hand and put my arm round her and kissed her neck. It smelled of shampoo.

She said: "You're quite sure about us, are you?"

"Never surer of anything in my life."

"And you want to go to Canada right away?"

"Don't you want me to?"

"Because I've been thinking." Her eyes were blinking intelligently at the gas fire. "I want to go with you. We could get married first. We could get a special licence."

I looked at her and felt the faintest pang. She was a wonderful girl. If she didn't just have this thing about working everything out. Her eyes flickered at me and I realized I had been too long in answering.

I said: "Why Maura, that's *just* what I want. That's a marvellous thing." And it probably was.

"It would only take a few days. And there are lots of things you need to clear up first—your car and other bits and pieces. And the Little Swine—we must have a clear understanding about your shares. He'll have to buy you out. Oh, Nicolas," she said, taking my head in her two hands and kissing me gently on the lips. "You're a lovely old idiot. I should have been looking after you a long time ago, do you know that?"

And again she was probably right.

"If only you'd told me about all this business. If only you could have dropped a word right at the beginning."

"Well. It's over now, and there's nothing you could have done about it. And anyway," I said, a bit irritably, "I got away with it. That's something in the circumstances."

"Oh, Nicolas, of course it is. You've been tremendously clever and terribly brave, and I love you. But you ought to have been a bit more careful about that man Cunliffe. You could have looked him up in the Law List right away."

"Why should I have looked him up in the Law List?"

"Well, why not? He didn't have anything about being a solicitor on his notepaper. And he was telling you about this legacy. I'd have looked him up right away. It's the first thing I would have done. And then none of this need have happened."

And she probably would; and it probably needn't, I thought.

"Oh, Nicolas, I've upset you."

"No, you haven't, silly."

"Yes, I have. And I bet I wouldn't have looked up the list, that's only a thing you think of afterwards. Oh, Nicolas, you silly old silly, I do love you, and I want to make up to you for everything."

She was kissing me in a certain kind of way between her words, and presently my spirits recovered.

And she did make up for it.

THE END

© Lionel Davidson, 1959

"The Night Of Wenceslas" will be published as a novel by Gollancz.

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling
See page 20

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Obviously there will be more oil left than water. Call the amount left in the water cylinder 1 unit. Therefore there are 3 such units in the oil cylinder. Let us look at the cylinders when they are full. The oil lasts for 4 hours and the water for 3 hours, so 3 units of oil (lasting 1¼ hours each) are in time equal to 4 units of water. Making use of this fact that any 3 units of oil equal 4 units of water, now let us look at the cylinders after the machine's run. The 3 units left in the oil cylinder would be equal, in time, to 4 units of water. But there is only 1 unit of water. Therefore the difference in time between the fluids is 3 units of water, which would last 1 hour. Therefore the 1 unit of water left would last 20 minutes. The machine has been running for 2 hours 40 minutes and was started at 9.50 a.m.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Tiger! Tiger! burning bright in the forests of the night. (William Blake.) Clue Down: Fresh woods and pastures new. Clues Across: (A) Flautist; (B) Regime; (C) Ebor; (D) Satire; (E) Hygiene; (F) Wren; (G) Orbicular; (H) Onus; (I) Dauphin; (J) Serge; (K) Amber; (L) Niagara; (M) Draught; (N) Pelican; (O) Autograph; (P) Sheriff; (Q) Tonsure; (R) University; (S) Rissole; (T) Effete; (U) Scythe; (V) Neptune; (W) Espionage; (X) Whist.

Which year? *See page 8*

The year was 1947

IGNORANCE—4

Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects.

Will Rogers

Cloudburst crisis

Place: London. *Time:* Two-thirty p.m. *Weather:* Cloudburst. *Result:* Sky dark as night, every light and drainage pump turned on — and a suddenly soaring demand for electricity.

More power is needed fast, but this need has been foreseen. At Thames North Control an Assistant Control Engineer, aged 28, makes a decision, gets on to Norwich Generating Station. Within minutes extra power is being transferred to London. This is the kind of responsibility he likes, the reason for which he joined the Electricity Supply Industry, as a Graduate Trainee, five years ago.

HOW ABOUT YOU?

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The Electricity Council,
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1/9 TINLETS

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

MY youngest sister was left two houses by our mother when she died in 1939, and since then I have acted as her agent. She has not made a will, and I would like to know what would happen if she died. I have an older sister and a young brother. Who would inherit the property?—T. P., Bedfordshire.

● If your sister is a spinster or a widow without children, her estate will pass to all her brothers and sisters.

If any of these have died leaving children, they will take their parents' share.

PLAYING THE MARKET

WHAT is the procedure for buying shares? How many, or how few, can one buy? Does one require the services of a broker?—C. J. C., Audenshaw, Lancs.

● You require the services of a stockbroker to buy shares in any company, but your bank would arrange this on your behalf.

There is no minimum amount of shares laid down, although you will probably find that very small transactions are not popular.

If you are investing small amounts you might consider a unit trust—for which you apply direct to the manager of the trust.

DAY IN PARIS

WHERE can I obtain information on going to Paris on a no-passport day trip?—M.McC., Manchester.

● British Railways Continental Department, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, can give you full details.

SHOP TRAP

OPENING the door of a shop, I fell into a hole which the proprietor had dug to install a grating. Apart from the shock—I fell in almost to the armpits—my legs were badly bruised, and I had to keep my daughter from work to look after me. My legs are still sore. Can I claim damages?—Mrs. R. D., Omagh, Northern Ireland.

● As the hole in the shop constituted a trap for anyone entering, the proprietor can be held liable for damages through his neglect to give proper warning, or render it safe.

A solicitor should make your claim.

PIGS FOR NEIGHBOURS

MY neighbour has recently bought a couple of pigs which he keeps in a shed in the back garden. They attract a large number of flies and cause a smell. Have I grounds for a complaint?—Mrs. M. B., Birmingham.

● If you live in a residential area your neighbour's action may constitute a nuisance.

You should see the Public Health Inspector and if there is a nuisance he will take action.

GRAVEL UNWANTED

THERE is a thick layer of gravel on our drive and paths. Is there anything we can do to bind the gravel so that it will not be so rough to walk on?—W. M., Wallingford, Berks.

● Your gravel would form a very good foundation for concrete or a layer of tarmac. You could probably lay the concrete yourself, but tarmac should be done by a professional.

SAW DOCTOR

CAN you tell me how to sharpen a handsaw? I have the necessary files, but when I tried to do the job myself I only made the saw blunter.—A. H., Ealing, London, W.13.

● Before a saw is sharpened it should be set—that is, alternate teeth are bent over in opposite directions. This is a highly specialized process and in learning it you may ruin a number of saws.

CRUSTY PATCH

ON one of our dining-room walls crusty eruptions keep appearing. Every few weeks I have to scrape them off and repaint the wall. The area affected seems to be spreading. On the other side of the wall our neighbour has installed a gas fire with a small outlet for fumes. What is the cause of this trouble?—Mrs. J. G., Rotherham.

● It could be efflorescence, a white, fluffy crystalline deposit caused by water-soluble salt in the building materials used in the construction of your house.

The heat from the gas fire has caused the moisture in the wall to rise to the surface, where it has deposited the salts.

Brush them off when they appear and when they have stopped repaint the wall with a good quality oil primer.

BY DECREE

HAVING left my husband six years ago, I now understand that he has started divorce proceedings, on the grounds of my desertion. Will I be notified that proceedings are starting? I also want to know how long it is before undefended cases of this nature are heard, and when a decree absolute may be applied for, after a decree nisi has been made.—Mrs. B. M. S., London, E.C.2.

● It is impossible to say how long it will be before you are served with a copy of the divorce petition. This, and the date of the hearing, will depend wholly on the work involved and the number of cases before the court.

If there are no snags, the case (in London) may take about six months from start to the decree nisi.

The decree absolute can be applied for three months after the date on which the decree nisi is granted.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

Better boiler control: If your boiler is old or does not have a thermostatic control, you can fit an automatic ventilator to it. This will help to prevent boiling and clinkering by introducing a controlled steady draught of air to the fuel.

These Stedidraft ventilators are fitted into ordinary 6-in to 6¼-in. diameter cover plates which replace the cover plates on existing boilers.

Priced 52s. 6d. each they are available from ironmongers, builders' merchants or post free from the manufacturers, Hall Smith, Ltd., Western Works, Bideford Avenue, Middlesex.

Instantaneous gas water-heater: A heater which will provide a constant supply of hot water at any given temperature between 105 deg. F. and 165 deg. F., has just been brought on to the market. The Aint ee-Princess has a simple-to-operate "tune-in" type control, and the water temperature remains constant despite water pressure fluctuations.

Available in white or cream with a vitreous enamel finish. The price is £14 18s. 11d. including purchase tax but excluding installation. By J. H. Robinson and Co. (Liverpool), Ltd., Mill Lane, Old Swan, Liverpool, 13.

Non-clogging draw-plane: A draw plane with a convex base is the latest addition to the range of Surform hand tools. The curved shape makes this plane suitable for smoothing awkward corners such as door edges. Made of heavy alloy, the cutting angle of the teeth is determined by the convex base.

Designed for use with a pulling action, this plane will do most jobs normally done with a spoke shave or a draw knife. The Surform draw plane costs 15s. 6d. and replacement blades cost 2s. 9d. It is manufactured by Simmonds Aerocessories, Ltd., Surform Division, Treforest, Glamorganshire.

Medicine time: A small clock which cannot be repaired can be useful in the sickroom. Set the hands at the time the next dose of medicine is due to be taken, this way it will not be forgotten. (Mrs. L. Hinchley, Norwich.)

Plant supports: Before throwing away an old umbrella, remove the ribs. These make excellent supports for garden plants. Touched up with some green enamel paint, they will be almost invisible in use. (Mrs. D. James, Garndiffaith.)

Thimble tip: If you lose the ferrule of your chubby umbrella, replace it with a plastic thimble in a matching colour. Glue this on with a strong adhesive. (Mrs. M. Hebbron, Middlesbrough.)

Non-spill paint: Three long nails hammered in at equal distance round a tin of paint which is standing on top of a pair of wooden steps will prevent accidents. The nails should ideally come about half-way up the tin of paint. (Mrs. Murdoch, Edinburgh.)

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£20 for CAR RADIO
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£100 for MOTORING HOLIDAY

6-in-1 PRIZE—or £800 CASH if preferred

OTHER PRIZES £50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 2 of £5, 10 of £3, 100 15s. Presentation Parcels, 2,000 NEW £100 CASH TOKENS

THIS WAY to CAR and CASH

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list on right. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed—see note below. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in earliest possible JOHN BULL) also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Scientist John
The Rising Sun
Fruits Of Geneva
Man With A Message
In Nature's Pageant
Louder And Louder
Speck On The Horizon
In Berlin Today
No Trouble
Got An Awful Fright
To Be A Hit
Made A Scene
Won't Be Denied
A Jellyfish
It's Nonsense, But
Those Mannequins
Must Be Slipping
Merciless
Dining And Wining
In A Seaside Shelter

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

Fine Day For.....
Before The.....'s Done
A Nice, Quiet.....
Like A Good.....
On The Official's.....
The.....Whistled And

POST ENTRY: Bullets 2,199, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,195 Result:

£800 Mrs. M. C. Morgan, 46 Foundry Lane, Southampton:

Not So Neighbourly Today—Nations—Owning "Mower" Apiece!

£50 C. W. Easom, 37 Gwalior House, Chase Road, London, N.14: **In The Year 2059—Great-great *Grateful* Grandchildren?**

£25 W. Linton, 69 Newry Street, Rathfriland, Co. Down: **In The Year 2059—*Settled* World? Settling *Dust*?**

£10 W. J. Richards, 130 Muller Road, Horfield, Bristol: **In The Year 2059—Reaching Mars Before *Margate*?**

See next JOHN BULL for chief winners, Contests 2,196, 2,197 and 2,198: for full results, send postcard to *Bulletin* Department.

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY!

WE regret that publication difficulties in recent weeks have made it necessary to wind up "John Bull's" long series of Bullets Contests with this FINAL OFFER No. 2,199—closing postmark MONDAY, AUGUST 31.

All readers who have competed in contests of past years are invited to join with present entrants in taking full advantage of this closing £1,250 Offer.

Special £1,250 Coupon—Post by MON., AUG. 31

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. per Bullet
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. ..... FREE
EX. .....
B. ..... FREE

I agree to Rules and enclose crossed P.O., payable to JOHN BULL, value.....
No.....
Bullets 2,199

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

YOU ARE INVITED TO SAVE 2s. by accepting this new HOLIDAY EXTRA — two FREE efforts allowed on this coupon with five paid Bullets.

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Mrs. G. M. N. (Eltham, S.E.9)

by SEA — great

The sea was wild but it did not worry me. I felt great—I had my '*Sea-Legs*' ... Wish I had tried them long ago.
Mrs. M. D. (Knockdow, Argyll)

by AIR — wonderful

Dreaded journey both ways by train, coach and plane—had no faith in any tablets. But '*Sea-Legs*' kept me fresh, helped me enjoy a perfect holiday. Thank you for a wonderful product.
Mrs. H. O. (Westcliff, Essex)

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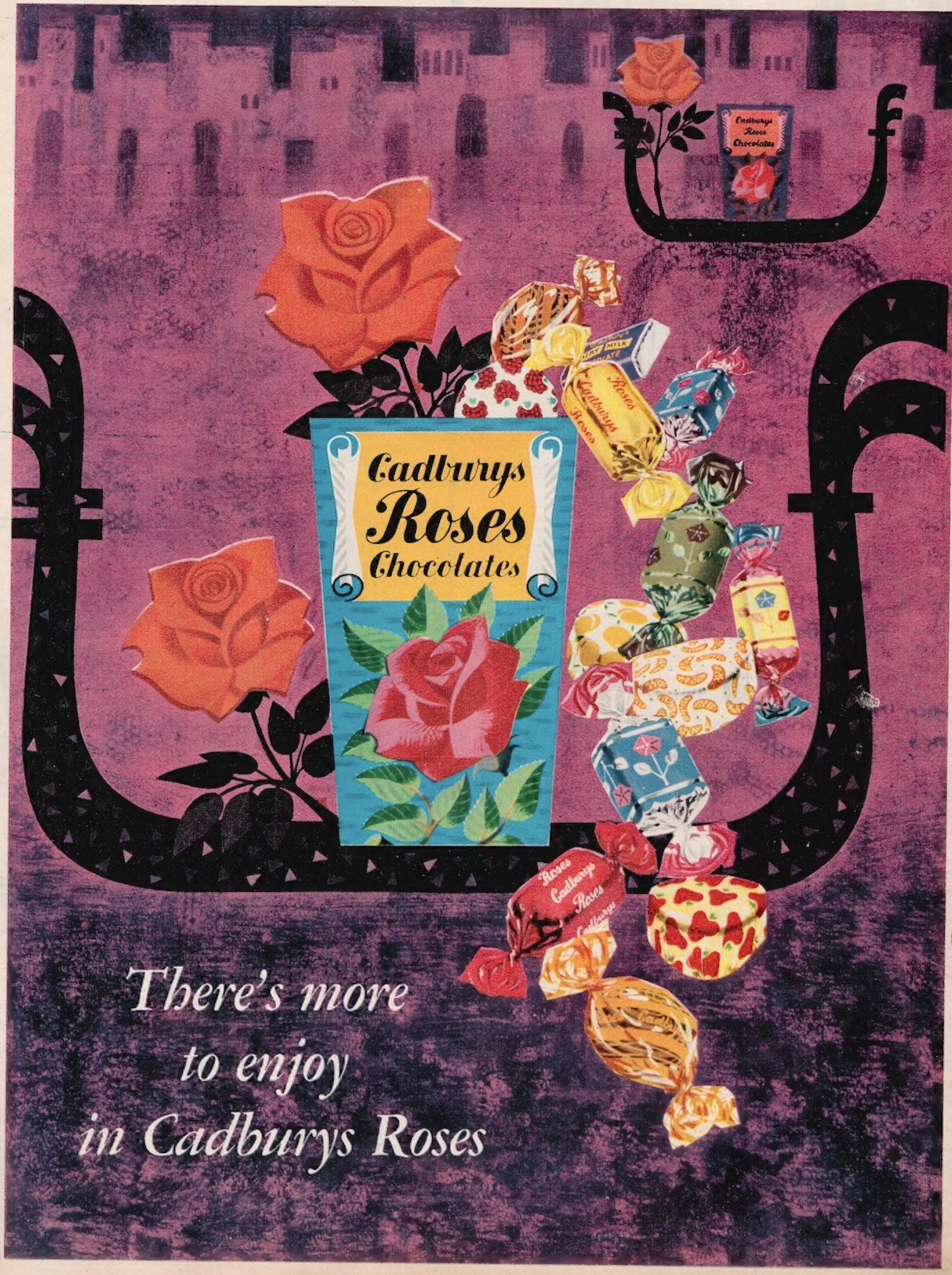
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